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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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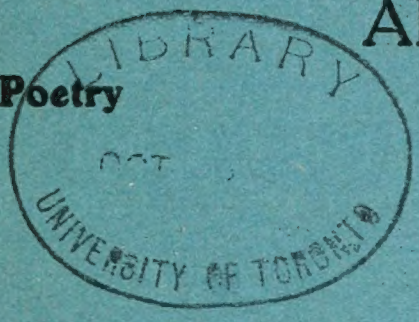
APRIL 1919

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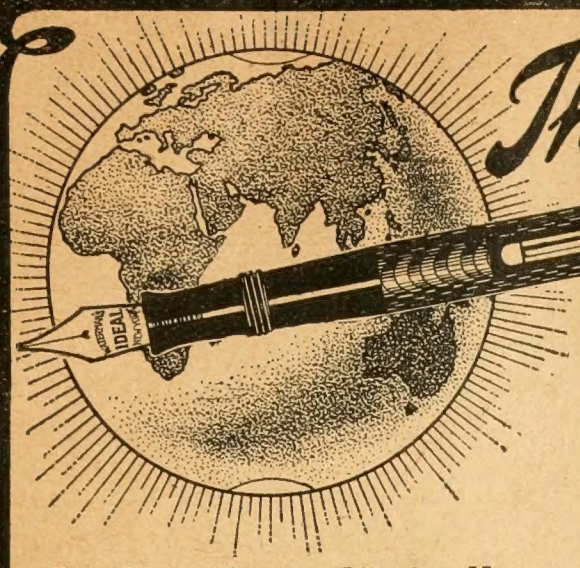


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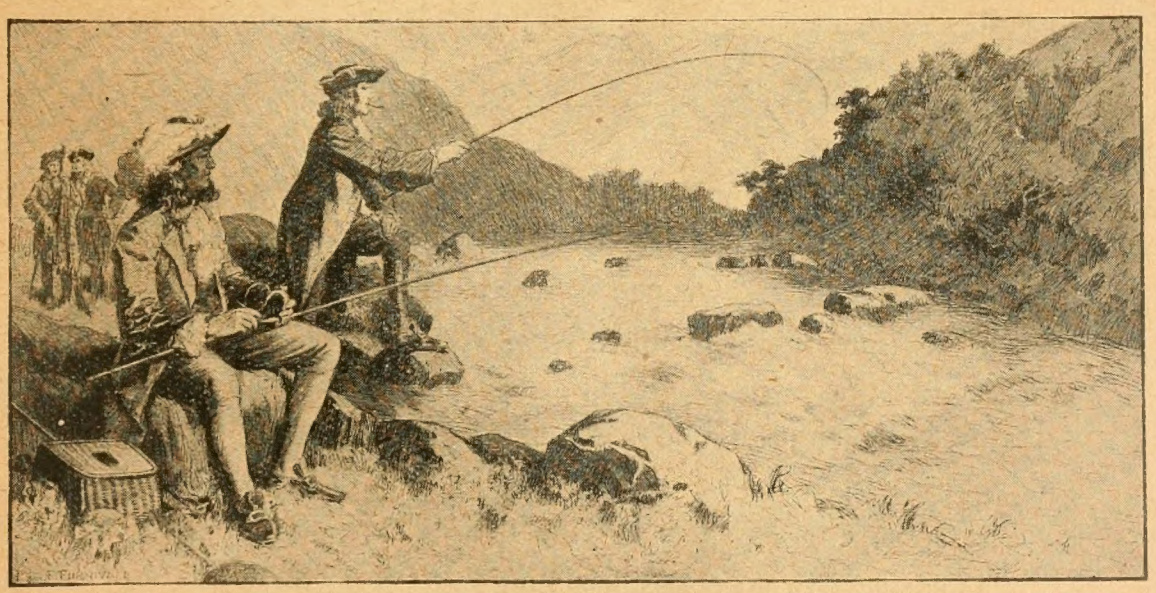

SEVENTEENTH Century devotees of the Sport immortalized by IZAAK WALTON beguiled the waiting moments with a pipe, but had not the privilege of present day anglers in filling up with "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE."

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spite of the sun, but we are all tempted by spring fashions, and eager to abandon our winter wraps. Well, if we fall to the temptations of the fascinating new blouses, let us compromise to the extent of one of the "Indispensable" new woollies which are in charming variety at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street, Oxford Street. There are knitted coats and jumpers, both equally desirable, of a warmth and cosiness which thoroughly protects from chills. The colourful note is much in evidence, and this has a cheery effect on nerves oppressed by the war. Crocus-yellow is one of spring's natural shades, and a jumper in this may be mentioned in real cashmere. Into the cowl-shape collar are introduced touches of grey and black, which are carried out on the cuffs, and borders the end of the jumper also. There is another new sports jumper made from pure cashmere yarn in a natural shade, and faced with real silk of bright colours. It has a deep V-neck and a hanging sash belt, and is altogether most effective at 94*s*. 6*d*. A choice model in soft Shetland wool at five guineas may be quoted as delightful, striped with artificial silk, and obtainable in lovely colourings. And while visiting Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove in search of jumpers it is advisable to see their new spring millinery. There is a hat to suit everyone this season. A new deep mushroom shape in black taffeta, lined with pale pink or lilac Georgette, finished with cotton suède ribbon and a posy to match, at three guineas, is an ideal hat for a young girl.

**The Little Black "Swan"**

¶ To sing the praises of the "Swan" Fount-pen is perhaps as superfluous as to gild refined gold or add perfume to the rose, but there may still be a few benighted souls who, by no fault of their own, but in sheer ignorance, have yet to learn that in a world of pens and paper one's own pen is just as necessary as one's own tooth-brush, and that pen and ink should be not two things, but one. Should these words meet the eye of any such, one who is at the mercy of chance, and steel nibs, luck, and dried ink-wells; one whose writing is an adventure with untried implements every time he sets pen to paper—let the little black "Swan" with which I so easily write these lines sing him the "Swan Song" of promiscuous penmanship and tell him of better things awaiting him —ripe, proved, and perfected—the pen which is not only a fount of ink, but a well spring of comfort, a very part and parcel of himself, always the same smooth and easy scribe, and always ready for instant and for lifelong service. Let him but choose the golden point that suits his hand, and then he will for ever bless the day when he first knew what writing-comfort meant.

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A. E. M. B.

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In our March issue, in the advertisement, *The Drift to Revolution*, on p. 4, the word "Utopia" should read "Eutopia."

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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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**To "De Reszke" Smokers**

This picture, printed in colours on fine Art paper, 15×10 ins., will be sent to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d. (or without box lid, 1s.). mentioning Picture No. 66.




# Miss Lily Brayton

who plays Zahrat Al-Kulub in "Chu Chin Chow" writes:—"I FIND THE 'DE RESZKE' CIGARETTES MOST DELIGHTFUL. I SHALL CERTAINLY CONTINUE TO SMOKE THEM."

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**Herbert Oliver, Esq.,** writes:—

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"As a confirmed smoker of Turkish cigarettes, I can pay your 'De Reszke' *Americans* no higher compliment than by saying that they would almost wean me from Turkish, and convert me to Virginians."

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"I find the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes quite excellent. They have a delightful flavour and—what is a great thing to me—they are harmless to the throat."

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# JAZZ RAGS

By

## H. DENNIS BRADLEY

"The Interrupted Jazz"

WAR has taught us many things, amongst other things that reconstruction is not necessarily Bolshevism.

And, after all, it has been good for us to learn to question many things which we had previously accepted without question simply because we had lost the faculty of criticism.

Reconstruction implies the questioning mind; the refusal to accept questionable things simply because they have existed long enough to become rather a dull and uncomfortable habit.

I am sanguine enough to believe that clothes will not escape the reconstruction process.

In pre-war days, the most rigid, the most stereotyped form of male clothing was evening dress, and when war exigencies made starch unpatriotic a shattering blow was struck at what seemed a cast-iron law.

The "boiled" shirt cracked a faint Victorian protest, and disappeared; the tail-coat sought refuge amongst moth-balls, and for a time even the dinner jacket became shy.

But now that we are face to face with a new era, now that nations and ideas are in the melting-pot, why should any of the ancient laws of the unimaginative Medes and Persians escape revision? Why, for instance, should we ever meekly return to the tyranny of starch?

If starch is a food, for goodness' sake eat it; do not plaster it on your bosom and bend it round your neck.

The war has taught us the value of soft silken shirts and collars; and we shall not return to the Prussianism and the Militarism of the blind, unreasoning "boiled" shirt without a murmur.

* * * * *

It is unpleasant to look round the stalls of a theatre and attempt to penetrate the mystery of the solemn rows of stiff white cuirasses. What woman, except the virgin Elizabeth, ever wore starch in evening dress? Are we to assume that the mode of man is stiff and the manner of woman is light?

The starched shirt must go. It must be relegated to the provinces with the white kid gloves.

It must adorn the Suburbiton dances, and the musical evenings at the rectory—which have no connection with "Rectors."

The man who has learnt to appreciate silk is unlikely ever to accept artificial stiffening with jazz rags.

* * * * *

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1919

# A Cuckoo . . . in Macedonia

By Trevor Allen

AMONG these hills a cuckoo sang to-day.
  Her solitary notes came like a hymn
To this war-weary land, and ebbed away. . . .
  It is the Spring, I said, with eyes half-dim.

The Spring! And those far hills beyond the plain
  Have robed their wizened limbs with woods of beech;
Across the parched and barren valleys reach
  Cornlands and farms and orchards; and a lane,

Fragrant with honeysuckle and wild rose,
  Leads to yon village where ripe gardens bloom,
And no shell-riven desolation shows,
  But trellised walls, a casement, and a room. . . .

Where I shall see, as men in vision do,
  The sudden glory of a well-loved face. . . .
Red poppies in a vase of Wedgwood blue
  And cretonne gladdening the window space.

. . . . . .

This ancient land forgets her ancient pain;
  No guns boom; distantly a church bell rings;
An exile's Spring is England's Spring again,
  And shell-holes blossom where the cuckoo sings.

# Highwayman's Song

By Theodore Maynard

While a horse is left in stable;
  While I've pistols and a sword,—
Does the Sheriff think he's able
  For to swing me on a cord?
While a woman's worth the winning;
  While there's wine that's fit to drink;
While there's still delight in sinning,
  I'll be safe enough, I think!

If at last the runners catch me
  With my pockets stuffed with gold—
At the least, when they dispatch me,
  I'll be saved from growing old.
All my doxies will be crying
  As I mount the gallows-stairs—
That's a good death to be dying;
  I can spare the parson's prayers!

# Poets

By V. H. Friedlaender

When we are young
We think it is for us
To shake a shower of lovely words
Like blossoms from a tree;
To make men drunken with our pleasant honey,
And envious of the bee.

When we are grown
We know it is for us
To rend the flowery lies from worlds
Foul with hypocrisy;
To perish stoned and blinded in the desert—
That men unborn may see.

# Nous Autres

By Lt. Geoffrey Dearmer

We never feel the lust of steel
Or fury-woken blood,
We live and die and wonder why
In mud, and mud, and mud,
And horror first and horror last
And Phantom Terror riding past.
We hear and hear the hounds of Fear
Nearer and more near.
We feel their breath . . .
Only the nights befriend
And mitigate the hell
Of those who ponder, see, and hear,
Too well.
The nights, and Death
The end.
We feel but never fear
His breath.

Day after weary day,
In vain, in vain, in vain,
We turn to Thee and pray
We cry and cry again—
"O Lord of Battle, why
Should we alone be sane?"

"We stifle cries with lightless eyes
And face eternal night;
We stifle cries to sacrifice
Our eyes for Human Sight.
And many give that men may live,
A life, a limb, a brain,
That fellow men may understand
And be for ever sane.

What matter if we lose a hand
If others wander hand in hand;
Or lose a foot if others greet
The dawn of peace with dancing feet;
What matter if we die unheard
If others hear the Poet's Word?"

"Because we pay from day to day
The price of sacrifice;
Because we face each dreary place
Again, again, again—
Lord, set us free from Sanity
Who feel no fighting thrill;
Must we remain for ever sane
And never learn to kill"

No answer came. In very shame
Our long-unheeded cry
Grew bitterly, more bitterly—
"O why, O why, O why,
May we not feel the lust of steel
The fury-woken thrill;
For men may learn to live and die
And never learn to kill?"

*October*, 1918.

# After the "Offensive"

By Theo van Beek

This is the end of it, this the cold silence
Succeeding the violence
That rioted here.
This is the end of it—grim and austere.

This is the end of it—where the tide spread,
Runnels of blood,
Débris of dead.
This is the end of it: ebb follows flood.

Waves of strong men
That will surge not again,
Scattered and riven
You lie, and you rot;
What have you not given?
And what—have you got?

# Old Critics and Young Poets

By Louis Golding

They would have us silent and old, us that are young;
They are afraid of the fearless eyes and the quick
Laughter, the surge of the dawns and the hills in our lung.
They are sick
For the youth they had once and abused and shall know not again.
The gloom of the years is thick
Like a scum that grows on the stagnant pools of their brain.

Shall we heed them, my comrades, obediently crouch to their feet?
Curs at a table with wistful, sycophant eyes?
Wait till their largesse shall throw us their gobbets of meat
For a prize?
Are there hills left and blue bare spaces of sky and a road and a star?
Let us rise, let us rise!
There is scent of desperate winds, there is rumour of mountains afar!

We shall sing on the peaks of the hills in the tumult of thunder, for there
The envious antique shall not twitch for our throats with suave,
With murderous hands; we shall go with flame in our hair;
We shall crave
Audience only of curlew and kite, of first fresh streams.
We shall run, we shall wave
The swords of our Song to the East in the morning of dreams!

# Studies in Classic American Literature (vi)

By D. H. Lawrence

## Edgar Allan Poe.

It seems a long way from Fenimore Cooper to Poe. But in fact it is only a step. Leatherstocking is the last instance of the integral, progressive soul of the white man in America. In the last conjunction between Leatherstocking and Chingachgook we see the passing out into the darkness of the interim, as a seed falls into the dark interval of winter. What remains is the old tree withering and seething down to the crisis of winter-death, the great white race in America keenly disintegrating, seething back in electric decomposition, back to that crisis where the old soul, the old era, perishes in the denuded frame of man, and the first throb of a new year sets in.

The process of the decomposition of the body after death is slow and mysterious, a life process of post-mortem activity. In the same way, the great psyche, which we have evolved through two thousand years of effort, must die, and not only die, must be reduced back to its elements by a long, slow process of disintegration, living disintegration

This is the clue to Edgar Allan Poe, and to the art that succeeds him, in America. When a tree withers, at the end of a year, then the whole life of the year is gradually driven out until the tissue remains elemental and almost null. Yet it is only reduced to that crisis of perfect quiescence which *must* intervene between life-cycle and life-cycle. Poe shows us the first vivid, seething reduction of the psyche, the first convulsive spasm that sets-in in the human soul, when the last impulse of creative love, creative conjunction, is finished. It is like a tree whose fruits are perfected, writhing now in the grip of the first frost.

For men who are born at the end of a great era or

epoch nothing remains but the seething reduction back to the elements; just as for a tree in autumn nothing remains but the strangling-off of the leaves and the strange decomposition and arrest of the sap. It is useless to ask for perpetual spring and summer. Poe had to lead on to that winter-crisis when the soul is, as it were, denuded of itself, reduced back to the elemental state of a naked, arrested tree in midwinter. Man must be stripped of himself. And the process is slow and bitter and beautiful, too. But the beauty has its spark in anguish; it is the strange, expiring cry, the phosphorescence of decay.

Poe is a man writhing in the mystery of his own undoing. He is a great dead soul, progressing terribly down the long process of post-mortem activity in disintegration. This is how the dead bury their dead. This is how man must bury his own dead self: in pang after pang of vital, explosive self-reduction, back to the elements. This is how the seed must fall into the ground and perish before it can bring forth new life. For Poe the process was one of perishing in the old body, the old psyche, the old self. He leads us back, through pang after pang of disintegrative sensation, back towards the end of all things, where the beginning is: just as the year begins where the year is utterly dead. It is only perfect courage which can carry us through the extremity of death, through the crisis of our own nullification, the midwinter which is the end of the end and the beginning of the beginning.

Yet Poe is hardly an artist. He is rather a supreme scientist. Art displays the movements of the pristine self, the living conjunction or communion between the self and its context. Even in tragedy self meets self in supreme conjunction, a communion of passionate or creative death. But in Poe the self is finished, already stark. It would be true to say that Poe had no soul. He lives in the post-mortem reality, a living dead. He reveals the after-effects of life, the processes of organic disintegration. Arrested in himself, he cannot realise self or soul in any other human being. For him, the vital world is the sensational world. He is not sensual, he is sensational. The difference between these two is a difference between growth and decay. In Poe, sensationalism is a

process of explosive disintegration, phosphorescent, electric, refracted. In him, sensation is that momentaneous state of consciousness which concurs with the sudden combustion and reduction of vital tissue. The combustion of his own most vital plasm liberates the white gleam of his sensational consciousness. Hence his addiction to alcohol and drugs, which are the common agents of reductive combustion.

It is for this reason that we would class the "tales" as science rather than art: because they reveal the workings of the great inorganic forces, disruptive within the organic psyche. The central soul or self is in arrest. And for this reason we cannot speak of the tales as stories or novels. A tale is a concatenation of scientific cause and effect. But in a story the movement depends on the sudden appearance of spontaneous emotion or gesture, causeless, arising out of the living self.

Yet the chief of Poe's tales depend upon the passion of love. The central stories, *Ligeia* and *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *are* almost stories; there is in these almost a relation of soul to soul. These are the two stories where love is still recognisable as the driving force.

Love is the mysterious force which brings beings together in creative conjunction or communion. But it is also the force which brings them together in frictional disruption. Love is the great force which causes disintegration as well as new life, and corruption as well as procreation. It brings life together with life, either for production or for destruction, down to the last extremes of existence.

And in Poe, love is purely a frictional, destructive force. In him, the mystic, spontaneous self is replaced by the self-determined ego. He is a unit of will rather than a unit of being. And the force of love acts in him almost as an electric attraction rather than as a communion between self and self. He is a lodestone, the woman is the soft metal. Each draws the other mechanically. Such attraction, increasing and intensifying in conjunction, does not set up a cycle of rest and creation. The one life draws the other life with a terrible pressure. Each presses on the other intolerably till one is bound to disappear: one or both.

The story of this process of magnetic, self-less pressure

of love is told in the story of *Ligeia*, and this story we may take to be the clue to Poe's own love-tragedy. The motto to the tale is a quotation from Joseph Glanville: "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

If God is a great will, then the universe is a great machine, for the will is a fixed principle. But God is not a will. God is a mystery, from which creation mysteriously proceeds. So is the self a unit of creative mystery. But the will is the greatest of all control-principles, the greatest machine-principle.

So Poe establishes himself in the will, self-less and determined. Then he enters the great process of destructive love, which in the end works out to be a battle of wills as to which can hold out longest.

The story is told in a slow method of musing abstraction, most subtle yet most accurate. Ligeia is never a free person. She is just a phenomenon with which Poe strives in ill-omened love. She is not a woman. She is just a re-agent, a re-acting force, chimerical almost. "In stature she was tall, somewhat slender, and, in her later days, even emaciated. I would in vain attempt to portray the majesty, the quiet ease, of her demeanour, or the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her footfall. I was never made aware of her entrance into my closed study save by the dear music of her low, sweet voice as she placed her marble hand upon my shoulder."

Perhaps it is hardly fair to quote fragments of Poe's prose, for the careful style shows up a little meretricious. It is for their scientific progress in sensation that the tales should be studied, not as art.

When Poe comes to the clue of Ligeia he leaves a blank. He paints her portrait till he comes to the very look in her eyes. This he never meets, never knows. His soul never goes out to her in that strange conjunction where self greets self, beautiful and unspeakable. He only analyses her till he come to the unanalysable, the very quick of her.

Speaking of her eyes, he goes on: "They were, I must

believe, far larger than the ordinary eyes of our own race. They were even fuller than the fullest of the gazelle eyes of the tribe of Nourjahad. . . . The hue of the orbs was the most brilliant of black, and, far over them, hung pretty lashes of great length. The brows, slightly irregular in outline, had the same tint. The *strangeness*, however, which I found in the eyes was of a nature distinct from the formation, or the colour, or the brilliancy of the features, and must, after all, be referred to the *expression*. Ah, word of no meaning! behind whose vast latitude of sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expression of the eyes of Ligeia! How for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a midsummer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it—that something more profound than the well of Democritus—which lay far within the pupils of my beloved? What *was* it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. . . ."

This is the same old effort, to analyse and possess and know the secret of the soul, the living self. It is the supreme lust of possession. But the soul can never be analysed any more than living protoplasm can be analysed. The moment we start we have dead protoplasm. We may, with our own soul, behold and know the soul of the other. Look can meet look in pure recognition and communion. And this communion can be conveyed again in speech. But ever didactically. It is a motion of the whole soul in its entirety, whereas scientific knowledge is never more than a post-mortem residuum.

Of a piece with this craving to analyse the being of the beloved, to be scientifically master of the mystery of the other being, is the whole passion for knowledge which fills these two. The learning of Ligeia was immense, we are told, such as has never before been known in woman. It shows the unspeakable craving of those whose souls are arrested, to gain mastery over the world through knowledge. This is one of the temptations of Christ, when Satan offers him the world. To possess the world in deliberate, scientific knowledge, this is one of the cravings of the unrebuked human heart. It cannot be done. We can only know in full when we *are* in full. In the fulness of our own being we are at one with the mystery; in the deepest and most beautiful sense we know it. But as creatures of exact knowledge and

deliberate will we exist in the world of post-mortem reality. Life is beyond us for ever, even as the strangeness of the eyes of Ligeia was beyond the man's probing and fathoming. He seemed so often *on the verge*, thrillingly, awfully. But that was all.

He decided that the clue to the strangeness was in the mystery of will. "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. . . ." Ligeia had a "gigantic volition." . . . "An *intensity* in thought, action, or speech was possibly, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition which, during our long intercourse, failed to give other and more immediate evidence of its existence. Of all the women whom I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever-placid Ligeia, was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passion I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expansion of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me—by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness, and placidity of her very low voice—and by the fierce energy (rendered doubly effective by contrast with her manner of utterance) of the wild words which she habitually uttered."

Having recognised the clue to Ligeia in her gigantic volition, there must inevitably ensue the struggle of wills. But Ligeia, true to the great traditions, remains passive or submissive, womanly, to the man; he is the active agent, she the recipient. To this her gigantic volition fixes her also. Hence, moreover, her conquest of the stern vultures of passion.

The stress of inordinate love goes on, the consuming into a oneness. And it is Ligeia who is consumed. The process of such love is inevitable consumption. In creative love there is a recognition of each soul by the other, a mutual kiss, and then the balance in equilibrium which is the peace and beauty of love. But in Poe and Ligeia such balance is impossible. Each is possessed with the craving to search out and *know* the other, entirely; to know, to have, to possess, to be identified with the other. They are two units madly urging together towards a fusion which must break down the very being of one or both of them. Ligeia craves to be identified with her husband, he with her. And not until too late does she realise that such identification is death.

"That she loved me I should not have doubted; and I might have been easily aware that, in a bosom such as hers, love would have reigned no ordinary passion. But in death only was I fully impressed with the strength of her affection. For long hours, detaining my hand, would she pour out before me the overflowing of a heart whose more than passionate devotion amounted to idolatry. How had I deserved to be blessed by such confessions? How had I deserved to be cursed with the removal of my beloved in the hour of her making them? But upon this subject I cannot bear to dilate. Let me say only that in Ligeia's more than womanly abandonment to a love, alas! all unmerited, all unworthily bestowed, I at length recognised the principle of her longing with so wildly earnest a desire for the life which was now fleeing so rapidly away. It is this wild longing—it is this vehement desire for life—*but* for life—that I have no power to portray—no utterance capable of expressing."

Thus Ligeia is defeated in her terrible desire to be identified with her husband, and live, just as he is defeated in his desire, living, to grasp the clue of her in his own hand.

On the last day of her existence Ligeia dictates to her husband the memorable poem, which concludes:—

"Out—out are all the lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

"'O God!' half shrieked Ligeia, leaping to her feet and extending her arms aloft with a spasmodic movement, as I made an end of these lines, 'O God! O Divine Father!—shall these things be undeviatingly so? Shall this Conqueror be not once conquered? Are we not part and parcel in Thee? Who—who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigour? Man doth not yield him to the angels, *nor unto death utterly*, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.'"

So Ligeia dies. Herself a creature of will and finished consciousness, she sees everything collapse before the devouring worm. But shall her will collapse?

The husband comes to ancient England, takes a gloomy, grand old abbey, puts it into some sort of repair, and, converting it into a dwelling, furnishes it with exotic, mysterious splendour. As an artist Poe is unfailingly in bad taste—always in bad taste. He seeks a sensation from every phrase or object, and the effect is vulgar.

In the story the man marries the fair-haired, blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine.

"In halls such as these—in a bridal chamber such as this—I passed, with the Lady of Tremaine, the unhallowed hours of the first month of our marriage—passed them with but little disquietude. That my wife dreaded the fierce moodiness of my temper—that she shunned me and loved me but little—I could not help perceiving; but it gave me rather pleasure than otherwise. I loathed her with a hatred belonging rather to a demon than to a man. My memory flew back (Oh, with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the august, the entombed. I revelled in recollections of her purity," etc.

The love which had been a wild craving for identification with Ligeia, a love inevitably deadly and consuming, now in the man has become definitely destructive, devouring, subtly murderous. He will slowly and subtly consume the life of the fated Rowena. It is his vampire lust.

In the second month of the marriage the Lady Rowena fell ill. It is Ligeia whose presence hangs destructive over her; it is the ghostly Ligeia who pours poison into Rowena's cup. It is Ligeia, active and unsatisfied within the soul of her husband, who destroys the other woman. The will of Ligeia is not yet broken. She wants to live. And she wants to live to finish her process, to satisfy her unbearable craving to be identified with the man. All the time, in his marriage with Rowena, the husband is only using the new bride as a substitute for Ligeia. As a substitute for Ligeia he possesses her. And at last from the corpse of Rowena Ligeia rises fulfilled. When the corpse opens its eyes, at last the two are identified, Ligeia with the man she so loved. Henceforth the two are one, and neither exists. They are consumed into an inscrutable oneness.

*Eleonora*, the next story, is a fantasy revealing the sensational delights of the man in his early marriage with the young and tender bride. They dwelt, he, his cousin

and her mother, in the sequestered Valley of Many-coloured Grass, the valley of prismatic sensation, where everything seems spectrum-coloured. They looked down at their own images in the River of Silence, and drew the god Eros from that wave. This is a description of the life of introspection and of the love which is begotten by the self in the self, the self-made love. The trees are like serpents worshipping the sun. That is, they represent the phallic passion in its poisonous or destructive activity. The symbolism of Poe's parables is easy, too easy, almost mechanical.

In *Berenice* the man must go down to the sepulchre of his beloved and take her thirty-two small white teeth, which he carries in a box with him. It is repulsive and gloating. The teeth are the instruments of biting, of resistance, of antagonism. They often become symbols of opposition, little instruments or entities of crushing and destroying. Hence the dragon's teeth in the myth. Hence the man in *Berenice* must take possession of the irreducible part of his mistress. "Toutes ses dents étaient des idées," he says. Then they are little fixed ideas of mordant hate, of which he possesses himself.

The other great story somewhat connected with this group is *The Fall of the House of Usher.* Here the love is between brother and sister. When the self is broken, and the mystery of the recognition of *otherness* fails, then the longing for identification with the beloved becomes a lust. And it is this longing for identification, utter merging, which is at the base of the incest problem. In psychoanalysis almost every trouble in the psyche is traced to an incest-desire. But this will not do. The incest-desire is only one of the manifestations of the self-less desire for merging. It is obvious that this desire for merging, or unification, or identification of the man with the woman, or the woman with the man, finds its gratification most readily in the merging of those things which are already near—mother with son, brother with sister, father with daughter. But it is not enough to say, as Jung does, that all life is a matter of lapsing towards, or struggling away from, mother-incest. It is necessary to see what lies at the back of this helpless craving for utter merging or identification with a beloved.

The motto to *The Fall of the House of Usher* is a couple of lines from De Béranger.

"Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne."

We have all the trappings of Poe's rather overdone vulgar fantasy. "I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the grey sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows." The House of Usher, both dwelling and family, was very old. Minute fungi overspread the exterior of the house, hanging in festoons from the eaves. Gothic archways, a valet of stealthy step, sombre tapestries, ebon black floors, a profusion of tattered and antique furniture, feeble gleams of encrimsoned light through latticed panes, and over all "an air of stern, deep, irredeemable gloom"—this makes up the interior.

The inmates of the house, Roderick and Madeline Usher, are the last remnants of their incomparably ancient and decayed race. Roderick has the same large, luminous eye, the same slightly arched nose of delicate Hebrew model, as characterised Ligeia. He is ill with the nervous malady of his family. It is he whose nerves are so strung that they vibrate to the unknown quiverings of the ether. He, too, has lost his self, his living soul, and become a sensitised instrument of the external influences; his nerves are verily like an æolian harp which must vibrate. He lives in "some struggle with the grim phantasm, Fear," for he is only the physical, post-mortem reality of a living being.

It is a question how much, once the rich centrality of the self is broken, the instrumental consciousness of man can register. When man becomes self-less, wafting instrumental like a harp in an open window, how much can his elemental consciousness express? It is probable that even the blood as it runs has its own sympathies and responses to the material world, quite apart from seeing. And the nerves we know vibrate all the while to unseen presences, unseen forces. So Roderick Usher quivers on the edge of dissolution.

It is this mechanical consciousness which gives "the

fervid facility of his impromptus." It is the same thing that gives Poe his extraordinary facility in versification. The absence of real central or impulsive being in himself leaves him inordinately mechanically sensitive to sounds and effects, associations of sounds, associations of rhyme, for example—mechanical, facile, having no root in any passion. It is all a secondary, meretricious process. So we get Roderick Usher's poem, *The Haunted Palace*, with its swift yet mechanical subtleties of rhyme and rhythm, its vulgarity of epithet. It is all a sort of dream-process, where the association between parts is mechanical, accidental as far as passional meaning goes.

Usher thought that all vegetable things had sentience. Surely all material things have a form of sentience, even the inorganic: surely they all exist in some subtle and complicated tension of vibration which makes them sensitive to external influence and causes them to have an influence on other external objects, irrespective of contact. It is of this vibrational or inorganic consciousness that Poe is master: the sleep-consciousness. Thus Roderick Usher was convinced that his whole surroundings, the stones of the house, the fungi, the water in the tarn, the very reflected image of the whole, was woven into a physical oneness with the family, condensed, as it were, into one atmosphere—the special atmosphere in which alone the Ushers could live. And it was this atmosphere which had moulded the destinies of his family.

In the human realm, Roderick had one connection: his sister Madeline. She, too, was dying of a mysterious disorder, nervous, cataleptic. The brother and sister loved each other passionately and exclusively. They were twins, almost identical in looks. It was the same absorbing love between them, where human creatures are absorbed away from themselves, into a unification in death. So Madeline was gradually absorbed into her brother; the one life absorbed the other in a long anguish of love.

Madeline died and was carried down by her brother into the deep vaults of the house. But she was not dead. Her brother roamed about in incipient madness—a madness of unspeakable terror and guilt. After eight days they were suddenly startled by a clash of metal, then a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverbera-

tion. Then Roderick Usher, gibbering, began to express himself: "*We have put her living into the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—*I dared not speak.*"

It is again the old theme of "each man kills the thing he loves." He knew his love had killed her. He knew she died at last, like Ligeia, unwilling and unappeased. So, she rose again upon him. "But then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated."

It is lurid and melodramatic, but it really is a symbolic truth of what happens in the last stages of this inordinate love, which can recognise none of the sacred mystery of *otherness*, but must unite into unspeakable identification, oneness in death. Brother and sister go down together, made one in the unspeakable mystery of death. It is the world-long incest problem, arising inevitably when man, through insistence of his will in one passion or aspiration, breaks the polarity of himself.

The best tales all have the same burden. Hate is as inordinate as love, and as slowly consuming, as secret, as underground, as subtle. All this underground vault business in Poe only symbolises that which takes place *beneath* the consciousness. On top, all is fair-spoken. Beneath, there is the awful murderous extremity of burying alive. Fortunato, in *The Cask of Amontillado*, is buried alive out of perfect hatred, as the Lady Madeline of Usher is buried alive out of love. The lust of hate is the inordinate desire to consume and unspeakably possess the soul of the hated one, just as the lust of love is the desire to possess, or to be possessed by, the beloved,utterly. But in either case the result is the dissolution of both souls, each losing itself in transgressing its own bounds.

The lust of Montresor is to devour utterly the soul of Fortunato. It would be no use killing him outright. If a man is killed outright his soul remains integral, free to return into the bosom of some beloved, where it can enact itself. In walling-up his enemy in the vault, Montresor seeks to bring about the indescribable capitulation of the man's soul, so that he, the victor, can possess himself of the very being of the vanquished. Perhaps this can actually be done. Perhaps, in the attempt, the victor breaks the bounds of his own identity, and collapses into nothingness, or into the infinite.

What holds good for inordinate hate holds good for inordinate love. The motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, might just as well be *Nemo me impune amat.*

In *William Wilson* we are given a rather unsubtle account of the attempt of a man to kill his own soul. William Wilson, the mechanical, lustful ego succeeds in killing William Wilson, the living self. The lustful ego lives on, gradually reducing itself towards the dust of the infinite.

In the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Gold Bug* we have those mechanical tales where the interest lies in following out a subtle chain of cause and effect. The interest is scientific rather than artistic, a study in psychologic reactions.

The fascination of murder itself is curious. Murder is not just killing. Murder is a lust utterly to possess the soul of the murdered—hence the stealth and the frequent morbid dismemberment of the corpse, the attempt to get at the very quick of the murdered being, to find the quick and to possess it. It is curious that the two men fascinated by the art of murder, though in different ways, should have been De Quincey and Poe, men so different in ways of life, yet perhaps not so widely different in nature. In each of them is traceable that strange lust for extreme love and extreme hate, possession by mystic violence of the other soul, or violent deathly surrender of the soul in the self.

Inquisition and torture are akin to murder: the same lust. It is a combat between conqueror and victim for the possession of the soul after death. A soul can be conquered only when it is forced to abdicate from its own being. A heretic may be burned at the stake, his ashes scattered

on the winds as a symbol that his soul is now broken by torture and dissolved. And yet, as often as not, the brave heretic dies integral in being; his soul re-enters into the bosom of the living, indestructible.

So the mystery goes on. La Bruyère says that all our human unhappiness *vient de ne pouvoir être seuls*. As long as man lives he will be subject to the incalculable influence of love or of hate, which is only inverted love. The necessity to love is probably the source of all our unhappiness; but since it is the source of everything it is foolish to particularise. Probably even gravitation is only one of the lowest manifestations of the mystic force of love. But the triumph of love, which is the triumph of life and creation, does not lie in merging, mingling, in absolute identification of the lover with the beloved. It lies in the communion of beings, who, in the very perfection of communion, recognise and allow the mutual otherness. There is no desire to transgress the bounds of being. Each self remains utterly itself—becomes, indeed, most burningly and transcendently itself in the uttermost embrace or communion with the other. One self may yield honourable precedence to the other, may pledge itself to undying service, and in so doing become fulfilled in its own nature. For the highest achievement of some souls lies in perfect service. But the giving and the taking of service does not obliterate the mystery of otherness, the being-in-singleness, either in master or servant. On the other hand, slavery is an avowed obliteration of the singleness of being.

# Poetry and Reconstruction

By F. V. Branford

Echoes of pre-war thunders about the meanings of matter and form loiter in our ears. Hoary moralists on this side, antiquated æsthetes on that, make occasional expectant grunts. Most nugatory of all, the pilots of the middle air exploit delicate profundities which admit no distinction of body and soul and effectually deny reality to both. In a world of dead men this is unnecessary.

Form is of supreme importance. Matter is of supreme importance. I claim the claims of both, but reject their rejections.

Form is a proof of steel able to lap all things against the lance of Time. The virtue of this mail is not affected by the nature of the things entrusted to its charge. Be they visions of Hell or be they visions of Heaven, cased in the armour of form, they shall descend into the dusk of days. Form is a—moral. It can make foul fair, and fair foul. It can make demons out of gods and gods out of demons; and all which it touches becomes immediately immortal. Form is the sceptre of the poet—let him use it like a king.

But you tell me that the poet can only express what is in his own soul. I tell you that what is in a man's soul was put there by himself. The faculty of form is indeed innate (though mastery be only obtained through blood and agony). But matter—vision—is the flower of the moral nature which a freeman may create unto himself. Though a man be by grace a poet, yet, by the principle of all existences, in space and time or out of space and time, he is an immortal son of God, and to reject his birthright in the name of his privilege is nothing other than to dishonour God through the instrument of His own bounty.

You persistently distinguish between æsthetics and ethics, as though it were possible to ruin your stomachs without injury to your constitutions. It is the privilege of all things, from microbes to solar systems, to live up to their own towering statures. No foot is firm when the head is not high, nor is any head in the stars if the foot be not established on rock. It follows, other things being equal,

that a spiritual giant can bat better, drive further, run faster, shout louder, and sing stronger than a spiritual pigmy. David could have beaten Baudelaire on his own pitch if his ambitions had lain in that direction.

Finally, you say that the art of expression is an isolated fact. There is no isolated fact in a universe. The meanest ant holds the mightiest planet in perfection.

. . . . . .

Though armies seethe and surge there is no meaning in the victory of the sword, for the ash of Rome out-towers the arches of the Goths. Now is our peril, for the Thing, which we feared and hated and fought, is upon us.

Over the *débris* of shattered temples the uproar of pagan pontiffs rises. They are fighting for the relics of their idols, with all the myths of Mammon in their mouths, and the demons of darkness clamouring in their van. The Cross of Christ having fulfilled its function (useful asset in propaganda) may now be had for firewood. Thor smiles in Valhalla. His hammer is not broken. England, reticent in candid acknowledgments of admiration, confers upon Prussia a compliment. She is preparing to gorge herself upon German vomit. Crusaders from far free lands have been tricked into death, while the youth of England has been slaughtered under compulsion. There are a few men in Europe—left fighting with the valour of despair. These may save us, but we are ready to stone the souls out of their bodies. Meanwhile poets pare toe-nails—an interesting pastime, but inadequate in the circumstances.

Know you the house of the POET? He inhabits not the Past, nor the Present, nor the Future. He drives his hungry harrows through the uneared acres of the firmament. He stands on wind and sea. He walks about in the bowels of the earth, and the spirits of a thousand stars are his in vassalage. Into pewters of clay he pours his memories of spaceless things, whispering to the ear of Time the secrets of Eternity.

Yet his wings are forged by his own hand, on the anvil of his own soul, and feathered with the fibres of his heart. For he may not behold the mystery of One till he hath seen the majesty of all, nor understand the meaning of the LOVE OF GOD till he hath first loved men.

# Taking the Waters

By Mrs. Henry Dudeney

When Jemima got the letter she was elated; since anything that expressed scandal or losing your good name had plagued her throughout. This letter now lying in her lap completed that fair structure—her complete restoration in the eyes of the world. Since Beatrice, beyond all the others, had been quite implacable; she was such a thoroughly good woman.

Beatrice had written, and not only that; she began "Dearest Jemima."

"For years," said Jemima, speaking out at the big window and smiling maliciously, "I have been to Beatrice merely 'that woman'!"

Her smile broadened; it grew tender, tolerant, amused. What a queer thing life was! And how fascinating! When you got into what, as she put it, was the dim cloister of your grey hairs, it became more fascinating than ever.

Those terms, "middle-aged," "elderly," which, in the opulence of extreme youth, in the gaudy years of mid-thirties passion, had seemed so dreary, so—as it were—thick and heavy (describing that state), why—it was charming! Never had she enjoyed life as she was enjoying it now.

She had placed herself. She had battled through the surf of many emotions; she had landed upon a shore that was golden, reflective. She could watch the battles of other people. They were all of them so tumultuous, so absorbed—just as she had been! Watching them, she knew what the end would be. Some would go under, but only a few. Most of them would reach the shore; they would become very much diverted—as she was!

She sat at a window of the great drawing-room, in the house which her resource had decided upon when the time returned for married housekeeping with Charles. Emotional ends had been drawn together, tied up tightly, in this house. Of the people that they knew now, not a soul suspected what their past was.

"It is my past, not his," thought Jemima, and her lazy smile became terrible.

Charles had been so good—and yet so bad. She had been so bad—and yet so good. This expressed the riddle of their married life.

But they had lived here together for seven reunited years, and nobody suspected.

They lived in a little watering-place—a town not new enough to be mushroom, not old enough to be musty; it exactly expressed the mid-stage of life that they had reached. It was a town reminiscent of the Regency, with its amusing excesses, or of a certain stately Evangelicism—according to your mood. Jemima was in sympathy with piety.

This house which she had chosen was one of a Crescent which curved away from the sea. Green lawns intervened between the Crescent and the Channel.

It was a corner house, with a stately, stone-flagged entrance hall, square and cold—a little forbidding. It was as far removed from the hat-and-umbrella-stand idea of an entrance hall as could possibly be.

There was a bowed window in the drawing-room, in which not only Jemima could sit, but her tiny work-table also. Charles came and sat there, too, sometimes. They would watch the passers-by, quite amicable together, gently gibing at the peculiarities of other people, and agreeing that nowadays life in the country would never do for them.

Yet until the break-up of their life they had adored the country. For her part, Jemima had suffered too much in narrow green lanes—wrestling sullenly with the biggest temptation that there is in life—ever to love them any more.

No; she loved her big house in the old town—a house that had the serene plainness often found in irresistible women.

She loved the little helpless sort of balcony outside the windows. Upon them she had stood pots growing a sturdy plant that in autumn showed an orange berry.

Old friends who came to stay—meeting this extraordinary pair for the first time after their disruption—would break the awkwardness of reunion by admiring the house, asking ecstatically, "How *did* you find it?"

Charles always answered with amiable pride, "Jemima found it. You know what a scent she has for houses—like a dog!"

He would look round him affably; he was clearly happy. Yet old friends, who had taken sides in their dispute, were uncomfortable, wondering how much they had told each other —of things that had been said.

Jemima sat in the window thinking of the past. The letter from Beatrice, unread, lay in her lap.

Her sin had been one sin; just the usual thing Charles had not sinned at all; he had been consistently devoted—which merely meant that he had not broken the Seventh Commandment. Neither had Jemima; but she had played about with the idea. It was like a little puma—this Idea: a playful, adorable beast, yet getting too big to play with. Jemima had been clawed and torn, yet she had never been positively mangled.

As for Charles, he was exasperating. Yet she loved him better to-day than she had ever loved him. Now and then she told him so; but Charles, who was nothing but a big child, gone grey and cheated of his sugar-stick, declared peevishly that love did not matter now. She had spoiled everything years ago. She had rewarded his fidelity by shamefully falling in love with another man. And such a fellow!

They had settled down; she was forgiven. "But, for goodness' sake," concluded Charles, "don't talk to me about emotion. I'm sick of it. Can you wonder?"

Charles was ten years her senior, yet, in a sense, he had become her son. She took a pride in him. She loved to look at him; he was erect and athletic—very good to look at. And he was hers.

Yet having once, by her own wilful act, divested herself of a husband—by running away from him—she had never got used to having him again. When first they started living together in this house she found it delicious, revivifying—to own a husband again! It was like putting your hair up. She used to go out with a card-case, returning the calls of new neighbours. It was great fun to leave his cards. And it was such a comfort. For she had become weary—through those years when she had lived apart—of trying, socially, to keep her end up. Some people were ill-bred and *would* ask leading questions; but her candid glance and clear laugh got her out of every hobble. She had never been cut—except by her old friends. And Beatrice was one.

She took the letter up and then she put it down, for she had

a way of loving to save up sensations, and something told her that this letter was awfully vital. With it lying in her lap she looked blandly—almost sleepily—round the peaceful room: she had the trick of arranging chairs and tables in a friendly yet reposeful way.

At length, smiling that languorous, wicked smile, she put on her spectacles. They amused her, as grey hairs amused her, and the wrinkles coming round her eyes and mouth. She approached old age as she approached everything else, with sheer vivacity—and meaning to get the last ounce of diversion!

That very day she had gone to a garden party in what Charles boisterously dismissed as "a new rig-out."

She went to say good-bye to him, holding up her skirt to show her shoes and stockings. She turned her toes in, then turned them out, asking, with perfect gravity, "So! Aren't they nice?"

Charles had been in a good mood. He said, "What a baby you are!"

Yet, equally, he might have been in a bad mood and said something beastly. There was the uncertainty of Charles.

She put the spectacles on. Then she tore them off. She dashed them down, with the letter, into her lap.

She said, with a funny half-sob, "I don't want to read it—no, I don't." Something of the perturbed rapture of the past got hold of her, just by touching this woman's letter—this woman who spoke out of the past. She remembered a particular week-end which she and Charles had spent with Beatrice and Tom. Dear old Tom! What an amiable duffer! He was most unsuitable as a husband for Beatrice; yet they appeared to jog on.

It had been July and in that very country house—charming, chintz-ey—from which Beatrice now wrote.

It was July, and, as it happened, it was six weeks before Tom was killed, motoring, and two months before Jemima ran away from Charles.

It was so hot that Sunday morning. She and Beatrice had walked up and down by the herbaceous borders, where the tall white lilies looked limp and the evening primroses stood with their languid, closed eyes.

She remembered how passionately she had talked. She had said that she couldn't fight much longer; that she must

capitulate; that nothing mattered but just to be the wholly beloved of the man you wanted most.

Beatrice had been deeply stirred. Yet, when September came, and with it the fact that Jemima had deserted Charles, Beatrice had been abominable. Jemima could still burn at the atrocious letter she wrote. And there was no letter between that one and this. She looked into her lap.

After lunch on that Sunday, Jemima had sprawled in the hammock, dreaming of the man she loved—the man who was not Charles.

Beatrice and Charles were sitting on the lawn, close by, talking calmly, placidly. They were excellent friends.

She was advising him to take bi-carbonate of something—for he had a way of ailing, and she was skilled at the home medicine-chest.

Jemima could hear her saying now, "In hot water, at bed-time. *Really* hot."

It had been the funniest thing: that they should sit there discussing little powders, while she was turning over in her mind whether she would break her marriage vow or not.

That breaking the marriage vow—which, technically, she had never done—seemed of no more importance to-day than Beatrice's little powder had then.

She put her spectacles on again. She read the letter.

. . . . . .

She read the letter; then she at once looked up and stared through the window.

Then she asked herself—had she looked up at once? Or had she half-swooned—had there been a merciful queer lapse between the reading of this amazing document and the looking up? For the letter hit her hard.

She looked out of the window, her blank gaze resting upon the delicious June sprawl of the blue and twinkling Channel.

Then she saw Charles cross the road with General Blake. They were returning from the club. She watched these two elderly men, both of them so essentially British and "nice," expressing the most charming and leisured traditions. They were talking with amiable animation; they were fighting some little point of politics or sport.

They parted upon the kerbstone, and then she heard Charles put his key into the door.

This sent her mad. She felt—in view of that letter from Beatrice—that she would not, could not, meet him any more.

But she stood up, composing herself. She took the triple anodyne—of religion, of good breeding, of middle life. There must not be a scene between them. There had been too many in the past.

He called out cheerfully, "Jemima, Jemima!" He was in a good temper. Getting no answer, he exuberantly banged himself into the library.

She was glad that he did not come upstairs. It occurred to her quaintly (for all her essay at repression) that it was better to have the interview upon the ground floor. Upstairs, she might be tempted to jump out of the window.

Then, quite suddenly, she was taking it calmly, and she moved to the door; she stood upon the landing. Her fire left her, she felt limp.

The very passivity of the house induced some languor. She had often felt that. There was nothing to oppose you; nothing made hard. There was serene height and space to this big dwelling, built in the late 'thirties. There was something ugly, well-bred, epic about it—all of that. You could not be feverish here, nor even declamatory. Yet neither could you be vigorous. It spoke of gently simpering women, with a harp and ringlets. She would not mar the equable temper of this place by any display that would assault the dead women, with their unperturbed lives.

So she went flowing down the broad and easy stairs—just as they might have done. She felt merely elegant, and she thought of them with gentle detachment: the relays of women who had passed up and down these stairs before she was born. She thought of them as be-muslined and be-ringleted (yet broken here and there by some solid, black, widow woman). She seemed to behold upon the balustrade their delicate hands—with perhaps a bracelet of plaited hair upon the white wrist.

She stood in the hall, with its successive archways, with the rich rug that fell before the library door.

She was going into Charles. Her heart began to jump about.

. . . . He was reading a paper—no, a pamphlet sort of thing. It was scholarly, of course, and probably abstruse.

She had always considered that Charles wasn't a warm,

human structure at all, but merely an ice-house for the storing-up of ideas that might be brilliant, but were certainly dry.

However! She had, since reading the letter, taken a new valuation of Charles. She was not angry with him; at least, she did not think so; but she was prepared to play with him a little tigerishly.

She went and stood upon the hearthrug, her hands linked.

He looked up—impatient, with condescending fondness. It was clear she had disturbed him. But he was a gentleman and she was his wife: Charles looked dangerously tolerant. He put his pamphlet down, his hand expressing gentle regret. He stared at her shoes.

"The pretty shoes! So you haven't changed them yet!" he said caressingly.

Jemima knew what was passing through his mind. He thought that, provoked by the remark, she would laugh and then flutter away; he would be amicably rid of her. She looked down at her feet, broodingly, stupidly. They seemed so infinitely removed—the costly grey shoes, the cobweb-thin stockings.

"What did you say this afternoon when I came in and showed myself?" she asked him in a choked voice.

"I said," he stared, "'What a baby you are!' And so you are."

He picked up his pamphlet.

"Charles, do you want me to go?'"

"Well, darling, if you haven't anything particular to say——"

"But I have. I've got a letter from Beatrice."

The significant movement of his hand did not escape her. Yet, looking at him searchingly, she saw nothing furtive, nothing afraid upon his face. He was either very clever, or he was callous beyond anything that she could comprehend.

"I'm not going to let you have it." She regarded his stuck-out hand until, awkwardly, he drew it in.

She smiled. She looked entrancing—Jemima at her best. He thought, "Sometimes she looks a girl again!"

And he thought of her as a girl, in her teens, when he had married her. His face became gentle and profoundly sad. That was many years before she utterly wrecked his life. He insisted upon the wrecking! He was having a lovely time, thanks to Jemima's divination of the things he wanted

most. Yet he was set upon having an incurable injury. Jemima had maimed him for life.

"I'll read you bits," she said, smiling still and sitting down. She spread her hands across the big writing-table, and she added, "When I came back to you——"

"When I came back to you," corrected Charles. "You sent for me—by wire—after deserting me for years. I came at once. You had established yourself in this house. You hadn't consulted me—but I raised no objection. I was devoted to you then, as I have been all through."

He pushed the pamphlet from him with an air that she knew very well. It implied, "She is in for one of her emotional exercises."

"When I came back to you—when you came back to me—" she said, and she sounded dangerously playful, "Beatrice was one of the few old friends who never wrote, who refused to have anything to do with me, who persisted in speaking of me as 'that woman.'"

She laughed in his face. He stared. He always distrusted this mood of hers—a mood of deadly frolic. She employed it in their quarrels.

"'That woman!' Who told you she said that?"

"Of course she did. It is exactly what a thoroughly respectable matron would say. And she has ignored me. I haven't said much, but——"

"Pardon me, my dear, but you have said a great deal."

Jemima shot at him an arch shrug.

"So I did," she laughed. "I said, 'When the poor Magdalen does at last stagger out of the gutter, a really good woman like Beatrice ought to be ready to give her a helping hand.'"

"Well, well!"—he was impatient—"What's she got to say? Why has she written at last?"

"Because," pursued Jemima, not heeding him, "if you are not given a helping hand you may fall into the gutter again."

"I," said Charles grandly, and with a total lack of humour, "am the proper person to keep you out of the gutter—and I have."

"The worst of your really, truly good woman," persisted Jemima, looking at him roguishly, "is that she is never there when the Magdalen wants her most. As for gutters—I never had a passion for them."

"I know you never had. I insisted upon that. I defended you all through." Charles appeared anguished. "It was just that he——"

"Never mind him. We'll talk about her."

"Beatrice! But, pardon me, Jemima, the position——"

"Quite different, of course," she agreed equably.

"Look here!" Charles displayed himself as unusually alert. "Why don't you read the letter? What are you keeping up your sleeve?"

"I'll read it in a minute, when I'm ready. She treated me abominably, and now she dares to write to ask me if ——"

She broke off, lowering her voice, lowering her head. Charles saw her mouth quiver. He was triumphant. Never before had she seemed crushed. She had carried everything off with a high hand.

"Of course you were treated abominably. You can't deny that Bertram let you down. I've never plagued you with questions about the ins and outs of the affair. I've trusted you clean through. I knew you'd never really hurt my honour, and you never did."

"No. I never did."

"But why didn't he either run off with you or else keep his mouth shut? Why did he shilly-shally? That's what I can't forgive."

"Still," she stared, "you are glad that I didn't run off?"

"Yes," he glowed, yet also he sighed, "I'm glad. But Bertram let you down."

Jemima heard him say that name—for the first time since they had lived in this house. Her eyes, dry and brilliant, looked through the big window with the big panes. She saw the pearly Channel. She had no eager throb of the heart, and yet the very mention of that name had once made her whole being swim deeply in some dangerous joy. But they were all growing old; they had receded from that time of mad, entrancing colour, from those moments which might mean rapture, poetry, murder—anything!

She took the letter out. Charles was looking at it. Yes, poor thing, he was looking at it!

"Not a long letter," he said.

His voice was faint, his smile was sickly.

"You are tired. Shall I read it to you after dinner?" she asked tenderly.

"Read it now. Can't you see that you are torturing me?"

"Am I? I'll read it you in bits."

"Why bits? I don't suppose there is much in it. She never was a letter writer."

"Wasn't she? Well, she's excelled herself at last. Listen to this."

"'*I tell you now what you might have known all along. Something happened which was inevitable. All the years that you lived away from Charles he was my lover. I tell you this, Jemima. I glory in it.*'"

"There!" said Jemima, quite blithely. "What do you make of that?"

She looked at Charles. To her cool amazement, nothing much was on his face. It expressed a faint disgust, a little shy and masculine discomfort. She had never really known Charles, but he now became a bigger stranger than ever.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"Yes, it's true. What did you expect? When a man's wife runs off and leaves him——"

"Setting him an example which he feels bound to follow! Shall I go on reading her letter?"

"No. I decline to listen. It is mean of her; it is despicable—and like a woman. The whole thing is past. I've never seen her since I came back to you. I've never written her so much as a postcard. There was a deuce of a scene, and then—— Why does she want to go digging up the——"

"You'll know why later on."

"I won't listen. If you want the plain truth, you can have it from me."

"Yes, I'll have it, please."

She leaned back in her chair; she rolled the letter into a thin scroll and played her fingers round it.

She looked at her husband's pale and sulky face. She searched her own heart for rage, jealousy, or despair. There was nothing. This scene between them was effete. It was unlike what an interview between a married couple upon such a topic should be. Her resentment and disgust with her growing years, with her chilling blood, found vent.

"I'd give my new shoes," she broke out, frantic and absurd, "for one of our good old royal rows."

"Would you?" He was caustic. "They half-killed

me—and the making up was worse. We do have peace and quietness nowadays."

He flung himself back. He became easy, almost business-like, yet through him burned a certain shamed ferocity.

"It was soon after Tom's death, and soon after you took yourself off with Bertram——"

"No, not with Bertram. Never!"

"It was the same thing. Don't interrupt. Beatrice wrote and asked me to run down for the week-end. I went. What do you expect of a man? We were both hard hit, and she . . . well, you remember how sympathetic she always was? I'd been having a deuce of a time—sleepless nights, and so on. She'd been ordered away to drink the waters. So . . . to cut it short . . . we went to——"

"I'd rather not know where."

"You've got to know. It was Droitwich. Partly for health, you understand, and partly for . . . well, now you've got it!"

"Yes, I've got it," faltered Jemima, and they looked at each other with a certain blank savagery.

"But how dared you blame me?" she asked him at last. "Think what your attitude has been! The magnanimous husband! The man of rectitude!"

"Why not? I blame you for everything that happened. Any man of the world would. When a fellow's wife runs off and——"

"Well, never mind. You two went to Droitwich. Did you go again? I mean . . . did you keep on taking the waters . . . all the time?"

"Yes, more or less . . . from time to time."

He amazed her. He had dropped so easily into it all; without any fuss, without any fineness. He had missed a great deal and been spared much. Jemima thought of her own mortal combat. How worn she had been . . . and yet how victorious . . . when, finally, she sent for Charles! He had not fought at all. He was, to-day, merely weary and disdainful. There was no splendour behind him.

He got up. He went to her, bending down, setting his hands on her shoulders.

"Jemima, I've loved you clean through; just you. I've been true. Things like that . . . going off to Droitwich . . . just a hungry episode . . . it doesn't count."

"It counted for Beatrice. Take your hands off my shoulders."

He left her at once, and stood by the empty fireplace.

"Yes, she cared," he admitted coolly. "Poor girl! She had always cared."

His wife looked at him—maternally, indulgently.

It was true that he had remained faithful—in all things that matter. He had bluntly broken his marriage vow, which she had never done. Yet he remained true, while she must always be false. Charles watched her face. He advanced.

"Don't sit there thinking of him, Jemima."

"No, I won't. Go back to your chair, dear."

"In a minute. Do you remember the day I came here to you?"

She nodded.

"We had our first interview up there"—he pointed to the ceiling.

"No, we didn't. I was watching for you at this window. I opened the front door myself. I only had one servant . . . purposely and . . . purposely . . . I had sent her to church. It was Sunday. You took me straight into your arms, just inside the front door, which we had left wide open. I thought, 'Thank goodness! Charles can be impulsive at last!'"

"I lost my head, just for the moment." He turned sulky. "I had not seen you for three years. I mean . . . afterwards . . . when we went upstairs and got to business."

"Business!"

"You know what I mean perfectly well. Naturally, there was a great deal to explain. You *would* stand in the big bow window. Don't you recollect? Talking in your passionate, inconsequent way, and——"

"I remember." She nodded again. "You said, 'Come away from the window. Somebody will look up.'"

"Well, you were crying."

"What if I was? I couldn't stop to think of who might see."

"I always keep my head, Jemima, and you never do. I reflected that if we were going to settle here——"

"Oh . . . yes, yes. And you pulled me away from the window."

"I did. I put my hands on your shoulders . . . like this. Stand up."

Rather wondering at herself, she obeyed.

"Like this," repeated Charles, with his hands, heavy, cold, upon her shoulders. "I said . . . now, what did I say?"

"You said, 'Jemima, you never meant so much to me as you do at this moment.'"

"That was it. And I meant it."

"I believe you did. Now let me sit down. There is a bit more of the letter to read."

He left her. He flung himself savagely into his chair.

"The letter! What the devil——"

"I'm very sorry." Her hand, calmly outstretched, arrested him. "I must read it."

"But why? I don't want to listen. I won't. Tear it up. I forbid you to answer it. Can't you see . . . that——"

He broke off in bashful disgust.

"Can't you see that—as I said just now—it was a hungry episode?"

"My dear"—she looked into his cold and weary face—"there is a bit more that you've simply got to listen to."

She unrolled the letter and read:

"*So now I lie dying. It may come at any moment; it must come within three weeks. The doctors say so. Let me see him, Jemima. Send him to me. If he could be with me at the last, then I would not feel so horribly afraid*——"

"Stop!" said Charles huskily.

But Jemima read on. She flowed.

"*I write to you because I know that you will send him. You, of all women in the world, will understand.*"

"Yes, I understand. I, 'of all women,'" quoted Jemima gravely and folding the letter up. "That is her tribute to me. I, 'of all women.'"

She looked at Charles and he now appeared conventionally shocked—just that! He had recovered himself.

"Poor soul!" he said coolly.

He never stirred. He seemed built into that luxurious chair. He did not mean to go.

Jemima bounded up; she rang the bell. She could hardly understand the fiery indignation of her aroused heart. He

did not mean to go! And Beatrice, who had loved him, lay dying.

When the parlourmaid came in, she gave meticulous instructions that his bag was to be packed for an immediate journey, for possibly a lengthy visit. And they were to send for a cab. It must be at the house in ten minutes.

When they were alone again she said, "You'll just catch the seven-five. There's a change at Horsham and a long wait. You can dine there."

"But I'm not going to-night. I must think it over. I may not go at all. Don't you see? If I went to-night I should arrive late. The house is miles from anywhere. There is no place where I could put up. You are so unpractical. Now, to-morrow morning!"

"To-morrow morning she may be dead."

"So she may to-night, so far as that goes," he retorted, with perfect truth. "But arriving late! Don't you see? The imprudence of it—the unfairness to Beatrice—even looking at it in that light. Think of her. Don't you ever think of anything, Jemima, but your own headlong impulses? The house is sure to be crammed with relatives, and——"

"Relatives! Can't you see that you've got first claim? She wants you, poor thing—and you don't want to go. That's at the back of it. Haven't you got a bit of feeling for her, Charles?"

"I'm dazed, that's all." He looked vague. "And I love you," he added in a funny voice. "Surely you don't want me to go?"

"She wants you to go—that's all I feel about it."

"Then you aren't jealous?"

"Jealous!"

As she echoed him, the ineptitude of that once ferocious quality—jealousy—struck her as almost amusing.

She had outlived jealousy. Or she had outlived love. Which was it?

"Of course I am not jealous. I want you out of this house and on your way to her before it is too late.'

Charles was impressed anew by the sheer magnificence of women. They could always skim over the primitive enmity of the thing if the position were big enough. For his part, he would be skinned alive before he would allow Jemima to go

to Bertram if he were dying. Yet he was convinced that she would go.

The fact that Jemima could appear noble because she had become indifferent had not yet suggested itself to his still abundant complacence.

He thought also of Beatrice. She had very often marred the moment; she had prevented him from really loving her—had he ever been in danger of it—by the bitter things she used to say of his wife; things that scraped him raw, for it was his wife he loved. Then she would suddenly drop to extreme tenderness and murmur some effulgent "Poor little Jemmy!" She became more tender to Jemima than he was himself.

Women were a plague and a problem!

"I can't go," he said blusteringly. "I won't go. To-morrow morning, perhaps. Why can't I wire first? That's it."

Jemima went and knelt beside him. She kissed him, and this she had not done for ever so long. Very early in their re-union they had come to the sensible conclusion that mere marital night and morning peckings were not only ridiculous but an assault upon the memory of kisses that had been.

Now she kissed him. Her lips were cool and fresh and lingering.

"You'll go," she said in her tenderest voice.

It carried him back a whole decade and his head felt bursting.

"Why can't you always be like this?" he asked.

He gave her a look which reached her soul. She stood up quickly. She looked through the window.

"It doesn't matter about me," she said stiffly. "It is Beatrice who matters. And here is the cab."

"You've ordered a cab!"

"Yes. Didn't you hear me arrange everything with Vardon? She is putting in your bag now. Your hat and gloves! Here they are."

She picked them up from the side-table, where he had flung them down when he came in from the club.

"And your stick is in the hall. Or shall it be an umbrella? No—an umbrella's absurd."

She spoke rapidly, with ghastly airiness.

Charles, like a man who dreams, jammed his hat on and went to the door.

Jemima flung her arms round his neck. Again she kissed him, with a curious, superb passion.

"Let me know how she is. Stop as long as—as long as—you understand?"

"It's absurd," grumbled Charles. "I hate to be hustled like this."

. . . . . .

Jemima watched the cab drive off. Then she went upstairs and sat in the big bowed window. She felt stunned, yet sunny. She was filled with the most extraordinary, the most heavenly, calm. She appeared to have divested herself of several things that had hindered her progress towards God.

. . . . . .

Charles caught his train. He sat in it, thinking of women and his heart felt sore.

"She doesn't love me," he said. "She'd have flown into a temper if she had loved me. She didn't seem to care a hang."

As for Droitwich, as for the dying woman towards whom —against his wish—he hurried, he hardly reflected upon all of that. It was Jemima for him, now and always.

# The Wrath to Come

## By the Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D.

The piercing cry of the first Christians to the world of nations which encircled them was, "Flee from the wrath to come."

Their writings leave no doubt as to the nature of the wrath they anticipated. Accompanied by militant angels, their world-rejected Lord was to rend the heavens and pour floods of fire and flame upon His impenitent foes, to whom even death would open no way of escape, since in Gehenna they should burn for ever in the fiery lake.

Yet from the coming wrath there was one way of escape; only one, but a sure one. It was their gospel, their evangel, their glad tidings of great joy to all peoples. Men would surely escape the coming wrath if they themselves turned from wrath to mercy, from hate to love. Vengeance might still be a great reality, but it was to be left in the hands of God. The "dearly-beloved" who had fled from wrath to love were pledged not to avenge themselves. On the contrary, they were to love their enemies, foreigners, and such as had personally maltreated, as well as politically enslaved, them. Such infinite distance did they flee from wrath that they sought to feed their enemy if he hungered, and if he thirsted to give him drink. They were to forgive unto seventy times seven; that is, without stint or limit. They were to leave their gifts before the altar, and first be reconciled. Plainly, therefore, escape from the wrath *to come* was found by escape from the wrath that already *was*. The wrath from *heaven* would pass over them if they forsook the wraths of *earth*. The wrath from *above* would flee from them if they themselves fled from the wrath *within*. Let them turn from hate to love; from revenge to forgiveness; from feuds and wars to reconciliation and peace. Thus would they effectually flee from the wrath to come.

In a sentence: *To flee from the wrath that was already there, on earth, in man, within themselves, was to flee from the wrath that was to come, from above, from heaven, from God; and if they neglected that great salvation there was no other way of escape.*

Leaving aside the drapery and dramatic setting of this apocalyptic gospel, it fits the modern world and the modern man far more closely than all the sermons preached these many years from St. Paul's Cathedral and the planetary ecclesiastical system which revolves around it.

The wrath to come upon the modern world is as definite and inevitable as anything yet future can be. Let the lofty patriots who own themselves sick of "pacifist piffle" turn to the scientific forecasts of the next great war from the pens of military experts. There is spread for them a feast such as their Cæsar-like souls love. All former rules of war are to be cancelled. The distinction between combatants and non-combatants is to be obsolete. Universal conscription is to make it a war—not of armies, but of nations, in which women and children (being munition-makers and auxiliary forces in many directions) will constitute "the enemy" just the same as the men. Unrestricted submarine warfare will turn the sea into blood. Unrestricted aircraft will rain down upon cities fortified and unfortified gases and explosives of such "improved" kinds as are confidently expected to wipe out whole towns in a night. Chemicals and slaughtering machines will be so much more effective than heretofore that where victims are now numbered by hundreds and thousands they will thenceforth be counted by thousands and millions. The necessity of feeding innumerable hordes of fighting men will make the world a theatre of universal rapine and pillage. Inferentially, care of the wounded will exceed all human possibility; and all doctors and nurses will be considered as members of the fighting unit, since all will be embraced by the one sufficient phrase, "the enemy." In the horrid background hover the vultures of plague and famine with bellies insatiate as hell. Such is the wrath waiting to come upon a world that hates. Call Dante and Milton from their graves, they could not envisage it. They could but exhort us to flee from it.

Yet is there a way of escape, though one only. If the modern world will flee from the wrath that now is, that now

is within itself, within its own heart, it will in the same act flee from the wrath to come. If they will cease to hate they will escape the hated doom. They must forgo revenge; they must forgive; they must be reconciled to one another. There is no other way. The way of salvation is plain. How shall they escape if they neglect it? They may try to escape by seeking—each nation or racial group or military alliance—more powerful and destructive munitions than their competitors. The naval and military programmes of Great Britain and America foreshadow that attempt. It will be all in vain. Militarism *in excelsis* will not be able to save. Delirious diplomacy will not save. Repentant democracy will not be able to save. The coming wrath will only be more and more terrible, more and more relentless: "Too late, ye cannot enter now!" The whole plan of salvation can be bounded in a nutshell: *To flee from the wrath coming upon it, the modern world must flee from the wrath stirring within its own soul. Ceasing to hate, it must love; desisting from revenge, it must forgive; excluding none, it must seek reconciliation with all.*

Let me recall King Arthur's last great battle in the West. Tennyson's weird picture reaches its culmination in the mist and confusion which drew over the contending hosts, so that friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew, and many a base as well as noble deed was done. Similarly, after its last great battles in the West have not fog and confusion descended upon Europe? The village lad who, flying a twopenny Union Jack, wheeled along on his bicycle the tidings of peace, with a bottle of stout in each pocket, was an emblem of the mixed motives and turgid policies of the time. We remember the posters. We recall the cinemas. We call up the leading articles and the "foreign correspondents." We hear the echoes from platform, Parliament, and pulpit. And we conclude that the general cult of hate is the sure *fons et origo mali.*

It is needless to go back to Lissauer and his "Hassgesang." The Allied nations had their own versions of the Hymn of Hate. I was one of a crowd of merrymakers on Hampstead Heath who were invited to purchase a penny poem setting forth the Kaiser's arrival at hell-door and his rejection by Beelzebub as unfit to associate with the virtuous and respectable immigrants from Pentonville and Picca-

dilly. Then, naturally, we get such humane effusions as this:—

"As long as flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears. . . .
In 'No Man's Land' where the Irish fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;
In every wound I'd pour ground glass"; etc.

So that the late election programme of "Hang the Kaiser!" and "Make the Hun pay!" really indicated a softening of the Allied spirit! On the other side, a real softening took place. Lissauer sorrowfully deplored the publication of the "Hassgesang," while the "Religious Education Society" of Germany, led by Miss Carola Barth and seconded by such educationists as Professor William Foerster, set going an earnest agitation against the poisoning of the mind of German childhood. I have missed the news of a similar recantation or the starting of a similar agitation in this country. But then the papers have now to find room for racing news, otter hunts, boxing matches, and similar humanising affairs, and perhaps I have overlooked a trifling item such as propaganda for humane education! Neither have I noticed any report of such propaganda from the pulpits of St. Paul's and its satellites.

The wrath at the heart of the Entente Powers manifested itself in the terms of the armistice, the crushing and humiliating nature of which was exultingly proclaimed by the newspapers. The waters of their magic Rhine were to be made very bitter to the taste of the Germans. The continuance of the blockade, with the contingent promise of provisions if German political arrangements were to the mind of the Allies, gave another turn to the screw by the hand of wrath. Germany was reduced to the status of a pauper nation quartered on the charity of Europe and America, conditionally on its good behaviour. Our starvation-blockade, boldly defended by the War Secretary, applauded in Parliament, condoned by the people, became the sign and symbol of a policy dictated by wrath. There is an old fable of a man who saw no reason why his horse should not exist on nothing a day, and who gradually reduced its rations till it came down to a straw *per diem*,

when, unfortunately for the success of the experiment, the perverse creature died. The Allied Powers laid the moral to heart. The peoples of Central Europe were to be reduced to the lowest existence point, the process being arrested at the precise degree of starvation which would leave them not too weak to pay the debts and indemnities the Allies proposed to inflict. The policy could be expressed in two words—"Starve" and "Pay." Starve; but do not starve so far as to be unable to pay! Starve; till you are willing to sign and seal yourselves the bondslaves of the Allied Powers for generations to come!

The purpose of this article is not with policies, but with motives, and the writer merely points out that a policy so manifestly suggested by feelings the reverse of benevolent is likely to gnaw at the heart of the Central Peoples long after their military defeat has ceased to grieve. But the terrible significance of these policies of wrath is that they are symptoms of the wrathful spirit of the triumphant and dictator Powers—perhaps also of the peoples, and worse if it be so. It is impossible to bring a hundred and fifty millions of people to the verge of economic collapse and physical starvation without bringing to the verge of exhaustion our own chivalry and clemency and sweetness and good feeling. That is the real danger of the situation. The important question is not whether after some generations the German people may recover their political and commercial prosperity, but whether the British and Entente peoples will recover their moral balance, their sense of chivalry, their feeling for just proportion, their spiritual apprehension; in a word, whether they will again find their souls. Those peoples commonly allege that Germany lost her soul in the crushing terms she inflicted on France forty years ago; but with this very warning before their eyes, and this very charge upon their lips, some infatuation appears to draw them on to a similar crime and blunder. Can they not see that a similar nemesis may be expected? Is not this a moral world—that is, a world subject to moral law? And does not one of these laws declare that whatsoever men and nations sow that shall they also reap? If they sow strangle-blockades, starvations, and famines, shall they not reap strangle-blockades, starvations, and famines? What if, three generations hence, London should be block-

aded on the East, with its railway and transport broken down on the West, and so from Land's End to John o' Groats, so that its sufferings far exceeded those it is now inflicting on Petrograd and Vienna and Berlin and Warsaw and Sofia and Belgrade and Bukharest? Would it have just cause of complaint? It was warned of the wrath to come. The way of salvation was made plain before it. It preferred wrath. It has got wrath.

We have need to ponder the fact that national destiny follows on national character. The horrors of war and the splendours of victory cannot obscure the moral realities involved. We cannot expect a sweeter and juster world to emerge from the deluge unless a sweeter and juster soul emerges to be its builder. As long as nations entertain feelings of anger and revenge they will set new wars in train and invite recurring catastrophes. As long as they cherish selfish and cruel designs they will be subject to cataclysms of hate and bloodshed. And there are always the schemers and plotters working on the lower natures of the people for individually selfish ends. That is why the air is yet thick with lies and calumnies, and the sowing of discords, and the roaring of the devil's bellows, heaping up the fogs of misunderstanding and mistrust between the nations.

The destructions which have been wrought by the power of hate can be remedied only by the powers of love. If the world is to be moved in a new direction it must be swayed by a new motive. The skill and inventiveness which have been dedicated to destruction have to be consecrated to the ends of salvation. In a word, it is necessary to organise love instead of hate. It is time to destroy the machinery of hate and erect the machinery of love. The love-machine must be as irresistible for good as the hate-machine has been irresistible for ill. The perfect hate-machine is universal conscription. The perfect love-machine is a universal League of Nations. But if the League of Nations is to be a perfect bit of machinery, an effective organisation working for beneficence and peace, it must be put together and motived by love. A League built from motives of exclusiveness and division and the balance of power and the supremacy of the Allies over the rest of mankind would be an eccentric machine which would pre-

sently dash itself to bits, and with itself the world to which it falsely promised peace.

It is obvious that if a new direction is to be given to human energies there must be a new mentality. The war has made people more active and excited, but not necessarily more thoughtful. An American reformer suggests a vast scheme of "mass education," which is excellent, provided class education goes with it *pari passu*. It is notorious that the intellectuals of all countries have displayed the wrathful passions which obscure and subvert reason not less than have the business and labouring classes. It is proposed to create an international organisation to teach the peoples to think. But what are universities for? Perhaps more thinking, or clearer thinking, is not yet to be expected; but a new direction may be given to such thinking as there is. The development of an international mind might be commenced—a mind capable of projecting itself along the lines of peace and goodwill, recognition of the rights of other peoples, and the practicability of international co-operation in all matters important to our common humanity.

We appear to have heard the last of "the last war" and "the war to end war." The catch-words have served their purpose. For war will never cease till men cease preparing for it. War will stop only when rulers and peoples stop hankering after exploitation and dominion; only when they cultivate sympathy and co-operation instead of building navies and raising armies to the tune of six hundred and fifty millions a year per nation. War can never end war. The power to end war flows directly from the human soul in feelings of mutual sympathy and goodwill, justice for all, and respect for the rights of each. From those feelings alone can follow such international arrangements as will cover the common needs of the human family. War will end only when the tribal spirit is exchanged for the spirit of association—the spirit which thinks and feels and works internationally. In common phrase, this is a large order. In the opinion of the present writer it is the only order which can make the world safe for humanity. The political huckster has had his day. We need statesmen who can think in wider orbits than nation and country. The time is ripe for the advent of the political humanist with a big

brain through which the international mind can function. Perhaps he is already here. We shall soon know.

It is clear that to the faculty of thought must be added the power of vision. By itself, thought is arid and what the Scots call "fusionless." Thought needs to be winged by imagination—by that fore-sight and far-sight associated with poets and prophets. The city of Washington has been called "the city of magnificent distances." Thence comes President Wilson with his far views of political possibility, inviting both hemispheres to survey the magnificent distances of international co-operation and world unity, and advance together to the goal. And to cap the American allusion, what could be more fitting than this from Walt Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*: "There is yet, to whoever is eligible among us, the prophetic vision, the joy of being toss'd in the brave turmoil of these times . . . with the proud consciousness that, amid whatever clouds, seductions, or heart-wearying postponements, we have never deserted, never despair'd, never abandon'd the faith."

The choice is between moral ideals and military measures: international morality or international militarism. The world can have either; it cannot have both. To live and strive for the supremacy of moral law over military forces evokes greater heroism than the field of battle. Take the testimony of a fighter who was also a thinker:

"If we as a nation achieve our looked-for victory, how shall we use our newly-acquired strength gained in this conflict? Will the German people preserve and maintain in time of peace the ideals that have been held before us in this awful war? This is for me, mother, the most important question before us! If we use our newly-gained power in the future for the good of mankind, we shall never regret the sacrifice. We see that we have men and women who have proved themselves capable of listening to the voice of duty and of sacrificing everything for their country. After the war will these men and women sink to the same materialistic level on which they lived before this great purification, and renew the old rivalries for money and position? Oh, mother, this question weighs upon me as on many other young soldiers. *It requires less heroism to fight here at the front than will be required after the war is over, when we attempt to regain a moral and spiritual victory.*"

If one did not know the writer of the letter (who was killed two weeks after writing it), if one substituted the word "British" for the word "German," one would take this for a summary of the existing position. We have conquered in war. The moral and spiritual victory remains to be won. Till it is won all schemes for permanent peace are foredoomed to futility. Who can take pleasure in the way the peace feeling is shaping itself as the days go by? Many are more proud of victory than they are pleased with peace. Vexation with cut wages or lost jobs outweighs satisfaction with peace. There is but little sense of the inherent sin of war; but slight appreciation of the tremendous fact that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of the Eternal. Where is the shame for the seeds of suspicion and fear sown broadcast over the world? Or for the impudent lies with which policies were bolstered up? Or for the hypocritical cant spoken in the sacred names of Freedom, Democracy, Peace? Or for the policy of starvation which has stained our soul with a crime ages will not wash away? We look in vain for any representative body to voice such shame. Parliament is packed with bullies who openly glory in it. Commerce utters no condemnation. Finance is silent. Culture condones. Labour is apathetic. The Church—which has a prescriptive right to the use of the word—refuses to say "Damn." If we look behind the brag of the politician, the glozing apologies and tepid deprecations of the churchman, the cant of the newspaper, the hypocrisy of the counting-house, and the ignorant self-righteousness of the crowd, we shall see too much reason to agree with the dead letter-writer that the moral and spiritual victory has yet to be won.

Now, a moral and spiritual victory can be won only in the sphere of morals and the realm of the spirit. The main thing is a better conscience. The principal enemies to be overcome are selfishness and anger and jealousy and revenge, which are all inward things, and can be removed only by inward power and cleansing. Here, of course, the supreme power would be that of religion, for which it is no use looking to the churches. We have to live ourselves away from these vices of the soul rather than think ourselves away from them. The present trouble in the world has its

root in the world-soul, and the radical cure is spiritual, and economic and political only in a secondary sense. We now know that the most astonishing developments in science and industrial art, in technical education and material wealth, in colonial expansion and imperial dominion, cannot deliver the soul from greed and cruelty. It is spiritual healing the world requires. It is the soul of mankind that is fallen sick. A better conscience is the only sure guarantee of a better future. The demand is for a change of heart. The reconstruction of Europe, if it is to be effective and enduring, must be preceded by the reconciliation of its peoples.

Those Labour men who have striven to get The International reconstituted have shown the right path to the Peace delegates assembled at Paris. Reconciliation must precede successful reconstruction. The spiritual event will give harmonious effect to such external matters as geographical arrangements and political boundaries. When they wanted fighting men they lured them with the promise of a new world. But a new world pre-supposes a new spirit. It is impossible to build a better world with such material as division and exclusion and unforgiveness and revenge—though we hide it under the name of "reparation." Still, in our right hand must we carry gentle peace. We must forgive as we hope to be forgiven. We must hold out the hand of friendship to those we have overthrown.

"We can change the whole face of existence," said the Prime Minister, in one of his pulpiteering moods. He was right; we can. We can exchange the brutal face of Mars for the brotherly face of Peace; and the fiend-face of Moloch for the angel-face of Love and Co-operation. We can change our own faces from scowling hate to smiling mercy; from dark vindictiveness to magnanimity and forgiveness. We can flee from wrathful policies. We can renounce wrathful projects. We can turn wrathful men out of office.

So—and only so—shall we flee from the wrath to come.

# The Aims of the Labour Party

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

*Late Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping*

The coalition of the Conservative or Unionist party with a large section of Members of Parliament returned to the House of Commons as "Coalition Liberals," under the common leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, is, as I see it, not so much the expression of a partnership of political opponents as of a fusion of men who in essential things have come to think very much alike. Nor, indeed, is there any good reason in principle why the very small number of "Free," or Asquithian, Liberals who sit in the new Parliament elected in December, 1918, should not join and vote with the Coalition. The appeals of the Asquithian Liberals to the electorate differed little in point of policy or promise from those made by the Coalition candidates. It was merely that they boasted of a superior independence, and that they refused to be labelled as Coalitionists. Many of them, indeed, were anxious to explain that they thought the Lloyd George programme of reform admirable or ideal!

The student of political history need not be surprised that British "Liberal" and British "Conservative" have thus come to mean very much the same thing. The Conservatives of two generations ago were largely the defenders of the landed interest, and they delighted to make the industrial captains whitewash their factories and take more care of their workmen; the Liberals and Radicals of that day were the manufacturing class; in the sacred name of "Liberty" they fought the Conservatives who desired to interfere in industrial affairs. They were bitter enemies of trade unions, and thought restricted hours of labour or the protection of working women amounted to improper meddling with the inalienable rights of the individual. The trade unions, of course, won their *Magna Charta* from the Tories. The passage of another generation changed

the relative positions of the old parties in industrial policy. The sons of the rich Liberals and Radicals of two generations ago for the most part embraced Conservatism as the expression of class feeling in politics.

"While the Lib'ral father span,
He bred a little gentleman."

The capitalists joined the landlords politically, and, being greater in number and wealth than the landlords, changed the orientation of the Conservative party in industrial matters. Conservative policy no longer reflected the socialistic views of a Disraeli or a Shaftesbury. The rich manufacturing class, become Conservative, carried into its new sphere of operations the unfortunate opposition to labour aspirations with which their fathers had associated the Liberal party. Simultaneously the Liberals and Radicals, losing much of their class connections, largely accepted the earlier views of the Conservatives on industrial matters.

Then came the almost purely political turmoils of 1886-1905, beginning with Mr. Gladstone's advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland, and passing through various stages in which the Irish question, the status of the Established Church in Wales, the problem of alcoholic drink, the position of the House of Lords, and the size of the navy, raised heated controversies which distracted the attention of the politicians from social, industrial, and educational questions, which were almost entirely neglected. In 1903 Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was converted to Protection, and his aggressive advocacy of "Tariff Reform," if it failed in its immediate object, and gave power to the Liberals, served the useful purpose of raising the great economic issues and compelling their discussion. The causes of poverty came to be eagerly canvassed. The Liberals, as defenders of Free Trade, were often found falsely defending the established industrial order in a purely illogical fear that admittance of economic evil might reflect upon the policy of free importation. The Conservatives, as Protectionists, eagerly hunted for evidence of poverty and easily produced it. As I said in my *Riches and Poverty* (published in 1905), in which I made a deliberate endeavour to give a Collectivist tendency to political thought,

"the Protectionist has been unable to resist the Free Trade evidence as to the magnificence of our commerce.

> . . . The Free Trader has had reluctantly to admit the existence, in our wealthy country, of social disorders and masses of extreme poverty which are terrible blots upon our prosperity. If one side has dwelt almost exclusively upon signs of wealth and the other side almost exclusively upon evidences of poverty, what else could be expected when a highly complicated problem became the shuttlecock of faction? Even honest politicians become afraid to make statements which may be treated as 'admissions' when party feeling runs high."

As Protectionists the Conservatives preached their fiscal policy as a panacea for all social and industrial ills. As Free Traders the Liberals were largely content to declare that all was well in the economic sphere, with the result that Mr. Asquith's Liberal Governments of 1905-1914 were chiefly concerned with Irish Home Rule, the House of Lords, and Welsh Disestablishment, only mitigated by a parsimonious Old Age Pensions Act, an Act to restore certain rights to trade unions of which legal interpretations had deprived them, a very timid experiment with the minimum wage, carefully and specifically confined to a few most abject industries, some absurd little land taxes, and a belated imitation of the German social insurance laws, which feared to face even a vested interest in corpses. As to the profound underlying economic questions, both parties had by this time become largely neutral. No definite attitude could be assigned to either side. A few housing reformers, or supporters of a minimum wage, or advocates of some sort of social dole, or single-taxers, and more than a few strong opponents of all such fancies, could be found amongst both Liberals and Tories.

The birth of the British Labour Party was a consequence of the largely common attitude of Liberals and Conservatives to the things that chiefly concerned the employed as distinguished from the employing, the dispossessed as distinguished from the owning, classes. It first appeared in any strength in the new Parliament elected in 1905, and it made some notable gains at succeeding by-elections. In the General Election of December, 1918, it rose in strength to a representation of 62, although it contested only 359 out of 602 seats in Great Britain. By pro-

portional representation its votes would have given it 133 seats. And there is no doubt whatever that its real strength in the country is much greater, and that that strength will be revealed as soon as there is a normal General Election, with the demobilised soldiers home and able to vote.

In the few years preceding the war, Labour had become both conscious and vocal as never before. "Labour unrest" became a cant phrase in the newspaper. The ill-distribution of the national income, to which "Riches and Poverty" had so successfully directed attention; the neglect of child-life and of housing; the overworking and under-payment of men, women, and children; the concentration of land and capital—the means of life—in a few hands, formed the material of labour speeches which attracted audiences tired of the unrealities of the old, stale political controversies. The great war broke out at a time when the Labour Party was making marked progress in the constituencies.

The conduct of the war compelled the Government to Socialistic methods. By the date of the signing of the Armistice nearly all trade had been brought under control, and all imports made either directly by the State or under State surveillance. The Government had become the greatest industrial capitalist and the greatest shipowner in the country. We had proved abundantly, not only that we had economic power to win the war, but that we had possessed, but neglected to employ, economic power to regenerate Britain in peace. It was forced upon the public mind that we had neglected our estate and that the end of the war must witness "reconstruction."

But alike the Coalitionist Conservatives, the Coalitionist Liberals, and the Free Liberals carefully avoid any reference to disturbing the existing structure of individualism. Their suggested reforms amount to mitigations of the existing order; most assuredly they do not amount to reconstruction, or building again. The Coalition is, in effect, a coalition of politicians who believe very fervently that the State ought not to interfere in trade; that it ought not to own capital; that it ought not to make goods for sale; that, in short, it should resign all industrial power to private capitalists and leave the mass of the people directly dependent upon the private rule which

necessarily goes with private ownership of capital. Therefore, the Coalition programme, while it talks glowingly, if vaguely, of improving the position of the employees, of giving them a minimum wage, of attending to the housing question, finds not a word to say on the all-essential point of who shall own the means of life. It is part and parcel of the Coalition policy to take it for granted that individualism in trade is an immutable law.

And that is precisely where the Labour Party joins issue with the older parties in the British State. It stands for the socialisation of industry; for the popular control of industry; for, in two words, Industrial Democracy.

It is not suggested here that what in the cant of politics has come to be termed "Social Reform" does not cover many things excellent in themselves. Such items as the granting of monetary assistance to the aged poor, the framing of an insurance scheme for the poor, the enactment of a minimum wage, the carving out of little bits of land for poor private soldiers, and so forth, are things which in themselves are admirable enough. They assume poverty to be an institution, and deem it justly to excite compassion. They correspond in the domain of politics with the benevolence of a rich individual whose heart is touched as he goes on his way by the evil condition of persons not so fortunate as himself; he puts his hand in his pocket and he "does good"; he pensions off an aged servant; he is benevolent to those who have been broken in an imperfect world. With each act of benevolence he feels his heart swell within him, and his riches become more grateful and comforting as he appeases his conscience by the bestowal of gifts. To this kindly frame of thought, it is only fair to say, the policies of the older British political parties have come. The election addresses of the Conservatives and Liberals at the General Election of December, 1918, were stuffed with good intentions expressed in benevolent, if vague, language. The commonest appeal of these election addresses took some such form as this, which I quote verbatim from one of them:—

> "The best way we can show our appreciation of the magnificent services rendered by our soldiers and sailors is to make the land for which they fought worth living in,"

but when it came to specific means for creating such a desirable condition the election addresses were silent or vague. One gentleman who was elected stated that he advocated "a national policy for the prevention of unemployment and adequate facilities for home life and leisure," but carefully refrained from stating how these things were to come about. Another promised better houses with gardens at reasonable rent, and allotments for soldiers, and old-age pensions at sixty. Another, while insisting that we must rebuild the fabric of our industrial life to the end of greater individual happiness and prosperity, was careful not to utter a word which indicated that he had any idea of making any change in the existing conditions of industry. And, indeed, the leaders of the Coalition and of the Free Liberals alike exhibited the very greatest care to combine a maximum of generous but vague generalities with a minimum of concrete proposals. In every speech and in every writing made by the responsible leaders of the old parties *there is the tacit assumption that the nation is to remain a competitive society in which industry is to continue as a process carried on by private soldiers of fortune, employing the masses of the people to work for them under conditions in which the Government is to interfere as little as possible.* The industrial *condottieri* are to remain the real masters of the people, while the Government, making an affectation of rule, is to leave the masses under the governance of the classes, and to do whatever patching-up may be necessary by more or less generous social doles in mitigation of a condoned poverty.

It is with this view of society and industry that the Labour Party joins issue fundamentally.

The experiences of the war make it the more remarkable that the power of Government in respect of industry should be resigned in peace to private control. The history of the contest is rich in illustrations of the fact that the Allies nearly came to disaster because industry was privately controlled. It was found impossible to get the best results out of either industry or shipping until the tremendous economic power of Great Britain had been organised by the State. Labour did not fail to draw the appropriate moral. At the Trade Union Congress of 1916 the Parliamentary Committee brought forward the following declaration :—

"The war has proved beyond all doubt the national weakness and danger of our pre-war industrial system and the need for industrial reform. Our vital industries should no longer be left in the hands of capitalists whose first object is profits, and workers whose first object is wages. Such industries should be regulated by the State in the national interest."

Let me repeat here some words which I wrote when this declaration was adopted.

In my opinion nothing less than the recognition by the nation of the principle embodied in this declaration can enable it at once to make the most of its resources and to establish a true democracy.

Let us take the points in their order. First as to the "weakness and danger of our pre-war industrial system."

Can any man in his senses dispute that these words are true? The war has revealed, not in connection with one trade, but many trades, an inadequacy of production which endangered the nation and the Empire. It is difficult to measure in life what we lost through that inadequacy. While we waited for the means to make munitions of war we had to pour out lives for lack of ability to pour out material.

That is to speak of war. Let it not be thought, however, that the war issue is the main consideration, important as it is. It matters everything to a nation how its people are employed, just as it matters everything to a man how he is employed. A private individual may be a rich money-lender able to command comforts and luxuries. We do not respect him on that account, and the majority of men prefer not to be money-lenders. Every decent man would rather do creative or productive work than be a usurer. What was the matter with the nation before the war, as I pointed out again and again (see *The Future of Work*, etc.), was that we were becoming a nation of money-lenders and traffickers instead of a nation of producers. Therefore, it was that so many young men and women found themselves helpless in the face of circumstance, drifting into all sorts of unworthy occupations. In great districts of this country hundreds of thousands of able-bodied individuals were, from a national point of view, wasting their time in unproductive employments, and, from an individual point of view, degrading their characters by those employments.

Turn to the second sentence of the trade union declaration :—

"Our vital industries should no longer be left in the hands of capitalists whose first object is profits, and workers whose first object is wages."

This goes to the root of the matter. Work for individual profit makes profit the real output of the capitalist and wage-making the real aim of the worker. For the capitalist it becomes not so much a matter of producing goods for the national interest, but how and in what directions it is most easily possible to make margins. That often leads to the utter neglect of all-important industries. The workmen, on the other hand, with no interest in work but the wage, find in practice that the dignity of labour is a hollow sham.

This leads us to the last sentence of the declaration :—

"Such industries should be regulated by the State in the national interest."

Interpreting this to mean *all* important industries should be regulated by the State in the national interest, the method is the only one by which we can secure on the one hand a full and adequate production in essential industries, while on the other hand giving those who work a proper interest in their work.

For what is a proper interest in work? It is, and can only be, that interest which arises from the understanding of one's work, the knowledge that it is good and useful work, and, last but not least, some real voice in the work.

State regulation of industry enables us to give every element in work a proper voice in the conduct of work. It does not necessarily give that, but it affords the opportunity. The Syndicalists have seized the right idea when they picture a trade as managing itself, and I presume it is their fear of State bureaucracy in its worst form which makes them Syndicalists. We desire to combine in this matter every good idea which has ever been conceived in relation to the work of a people, and it is essential that the State regulation of work should mean such an organisation of work as gives to the workers in a trade a real sense of co-operation and a real voice in management. Combine that with educational advancement and we advance on a royal road.

What was true of industry in the war was true of shipping. Shipping proved to be, through the submarine

campaign, the weak link in the chain that bound the Allies in a common offensive. Unfortunately, through the worship of the individualist system, nearly two years and six months elapsed before all British ships were requisitioned on Government account and compelled to do exactly what was needed of them by the national emergency. A similar period elapsed before unessential imports were sufficiently cut down to make room for imperatively essential imports. The British Ministry of Shipping, established at the end of 1916, did what ought to have been done long before that date, and, in concert with the Admiralty, saved the nation and the Allies from destruction. Yet, strangely, after all the experience of the danger and inefficiency of individual control, it is resolved to hand back the control of shipping to private owners, and as I write ships are again running in places where it is not most desirable that they should run!

Again, during the war the British Government not only organised existing industries and shaped them for the production of munitions, but manufactured and imported an enormous amount of new machinery, and spent about £70,000,000 in building and equipping State factories for the manufacture of munitions, aeroplanes, etc. No sooner does the war end than the Government, in pursuance of its policy of not interfering with capitalism, resolves to sell out to the industrial *condottieri* the whole of the magnificent industrial establishments created by the nation for war purposes. The Labour Party, recognising that with these establishments the Government could make a new start in industry, and effect a real reconstruction by using them as great examples of how industry should be carried on under democratic control, deplores the policy of the Government in this matter and points to it as a clear illustration of the line of cleavage between the policy of the old British political parties and the policy of the Labour Party.

It is not merely that the Labour Party pursues material ends. It is, of course, insistent upon Industrial Democracy as a means to a far greater output of material wealth and an equitable distribution of the results of that larger output. But it is urgent in declaring its conviction that much more than the achievement of material aims is involved in its programme of Collectivism. It sees in Industrial Democracy the only means of giving full citizenship, self-respect,

and a proper sense of social responsibility to the individuals of a modern industrial State. It conceives that the rule of the private irresponsible capitalist, wielding dominion over the lives of the proletariat, is necessarily an anti-Social element in society, and one which carries with it not merely material but spiritual consequences for evil.

It aims, therefore, to substitute democratic for the individual ownership of industrial capital *as distinguished from personal property in the real sense—as distinguished, that is, from something proper to the personal use and comfort of the individual.* This aim, repudiated alike by British Liberals and British Conservatives, is the distinguishing characteristic of the British Labour Party, and destines it to a future in which it will be solidly opposed by the defenders of Capitalism, no matter under what political designation they come to be known. The line of cleavage is clear.

# The Damned Old Maid

By J. G. Sime

"He said I was a damned old maid," said Miss M'Guire. "'A damned old maid,' says he, 'that's what ye are, so chew the cud on that,' says he."

Miss M'Guire's conversation was apt to be like the chaos that the world was before God began to make it, so that when she had a lucid interval I made the most of it.

"Who said such a thing as that?" said I.

"It was Charlie MacBryan said it," said she, "and I like um, too. He wanted to marry me when I was young, only I wouldn't look at um. And then his wife come along with her beautiful face and nothin' in ut, and she grabbed hold of um and married um to herself. 'A damned old maid,' says he to me last night. 'That's what ye are, Mary M'Guire,' says he."

"Never mind, Miss M'Guire," I said. "It doesn't matter."

"It wouldn't matter," said Miss M'Guire, "if it wasn't true, but it is. It's just what I am, God help me! And him to be tellin' me that. . . ."

She paused and seemed to swallow down something with difficulty; and she sewed on my gown with an unnecessary energy.

"There was him last night," said she, "soused through and through in me cousin's house. He sat there talkin' to me with one foot in his boot and the other naked in his golosh and he . . ."

Miss M'Guire seemed to swallow something more.

"Believe *me*," she said after a pause, during which she wrestled with something, "it's the barebones truth ye'll hear from a man when he's soused through and through. 'Ye're a damned old maid,' said he."

She went on sewing with unnecessary energy.

"'Why didn't ye have me when ye could, Mary M'Guire?' says he. 'Why wouldn't ye take me when I

asked ye to marry me? I liked ye, Mary, I wanted ye. The wife I've got got me, but I never wanted her the way I've wanted you, Mary M'Guire.' "

Miss M'Guire swallowed something more.

" 'It's a bad eye ye hed in your youth, Mary M'Guire,' says he. 'It beckoned the fellahs and made them come after ut. And it's the light foot ye had,' says he, 'and the white hand. . . .' "

Miss M'Guire glanced downwards and something shining fell.

" 'Couldn't ye have turned to the fellah that wanted ye, Mary M'Guire?' says he. 'Wouldn't ye have been the proud girl with me son in your arms? I'd have loved ye, Mary,' he says, 'I'd have made ye care. I've never cared for the woman that got me. She's me wife,' says Charlie MacBryan, 'she's the mother of me sons. But I never cared for her, Mary M'Guire. It's you I cared for,' says he, 'and it's you I care for this day. . . .' "

Miss M'Guire went on sewing with unnecessary energy, and something more that was bright and shining fell on the stuff of my gown.

" 'Mary,' he says, 'ye're changed. Ye're the old maid now,' says he. 'Ye've the bad eye yet, but your lightsome foot's gone past ye and the colour's died out of your cheeks and your hair's streaked with grey and there's no fellah after ye. . . .' "

Miss M'Guire sewed and three tears fell on the stuff of my gown.

" 'Where's the sense of ut all?' says he. 'Here's me lovin' ye yet and what do I love? Ye're homely,' says he, 'this day. Ye're grown old and ye're bent at the neck and ye're wilted and trod down in the dirt. But I love ye,' says he . . ."

Miss M'Guire reached for her pocket-handkerchief.

" 'Mary,' he says, 'it's the want of the drink's been your ruin. If ye'd cared for the bottle,' says he, 'it's married we'd be and children between us. . . .' "

Miss M'Guire hid her face in her handkerchief and her remarks came out of it inconsecutively, and sometimes I heard them and sometimes I didn't.

" 'Water!' says he. 'The damned dry stuff. And you, Mary M'Guire, you'd see a man with his tongue

hangin' half a yard out of his mouth and you'd offer um water to drink! . . . .'"

Miss M'Guire sobbed.

"'Hell, Mary M'Guire,' says Charlie MacBryan, 'ye should have danced while I piped. Ye should have come when I wanted ye. I'm a drunk,' says Charlie MacBryan to me, 'but, woman dear, ye were wrong. . . .'"

Miss M'Guire wiped her eyes with a good deal of elaboration, and once more she concentrated her attention upon my gown.

"It's true words Charlie MacBryan was speakin' last night," said she. "If I'd married um long ago it's a wife I'd have been. It's a wife I'd have been this day, and it's children I'd have had be my side. I'd have known what it is to nurse the child at the breast. I'd have known the sorrows of marriage."

She sewed. She sewed as if her life depended on her getting to the end of her seam before the hour was out.

"It's right he is," said she. "A woman's not a woman if she's had no man. I'm no woman to-day. I'm a damned old maid sittin' here knowin' nothin' of life save be hearsay. And what's hearsay," said Miss M'Guire, "when ye want to *know*? . . ."

She sewed.

"I had as gay a foot and as light a heart," said she, "as any woman, and I had as many fellahs after me as any woman ever had. And I turned them down. Why did I? —my dear, I was dry meself and it's half-frightened I was at the men and half waitin' I was on somethin' that never did come. I should have married Charlie MacBryan," said Miss M'Guire, "he's right. What if he did get soused? What if he did turn and beat me as they say he beats his wife this day? Isn't it better to be sore and live with a man than to live safe and sound with yer past behind ye and no future to come? What's life? . . ." said Miss M'Guire.

She sewed.

"There's times, God forgive me," she said, "when I've envied the bad women. They've known. . . ."

She sewed.

"Who's me to be left all alone," said she, "who's me to be left knowin' nothing'—never havin' tasted life at all? . . ."

She was silent. There was a considerable pause.

"Ye mustn't mind me, what I'm sayin' this day," said Miss M'Guire, breaking all of a sudden into the pause—and her voice was as the voice of Miss M'Guire once more—"it's meetin' with Charlie MacBryan that's makin' me talk. It's not that I care for um," she continued explanatorily, 'it's just that no woman wants to hear a man call her an old maid—and a damned one at that. It's true," said Miss M'Guire, "and it's just because it's true that Charlie MacBryan shouldn't have said ut. . . ."

She sewed.

"He was soused," said she in a philosophical tone after the lapse of a minute, "he was soused through and through, and we mustn't forget ut. Ye must take what ye get when ye talk with a drunk. . . ."

There was a long silence that was somehow full of conflict.

"D'ye think, me dear," said Miss M'Guire at last, "if I'd been less dry meself it's happier I might have been? 'It's water, the damned dry stuff's been your ruin, Mary M'Guire,' says Charlie MacBryan to me. . . ."

Silence encircled us.

"She ran after um and she got um," said Miss M'Guire, cutting the silence in two with a trenchant tone of voice, "and it's comfort to know that she's got her troubles with um."

She sewed.

"But she got um," said Miss M'Guire, "she's lived if she got her troubles. And here's me a damned old maid. . . ."

She sewed.

# What Art Now?

## By Wyndham Lewis

The war drove all the great pictures off the surface of the earth into the cellars of the museums. And it drove all the arts underground. They now come up: a little wan and blinking, some of them. What are they going to do now? we are asked. Have their houses been damaged and destroyed in the interim? If so, how are they going to rebuild them? Same architectures as before?

The general question as to what art we are going to have for the next decade, or, rather, if it will be different from what we had before the war, can be answered quite directly and certainly and for all the arts. The war has not changed our industrial society or the appearance of our world; nor has it made men desire different things, only possibly the same things harder still. Therefore, as you find the appearance of the world and the volition of men, so you will find art. An extreme political readjustment of our society in the near future even would not disturb these fundamentals of what art to-day must be, I should imagine.

The innovations in painting, pressed everywhere before the war, have by their violence and completeness exhausted the scope of progress on that point. That America may be considered as not only discovered, but crossed and cross-hatched from side to side, with the surveys and trekkings of its invaders. Expressionism, Cubism, Vorticism, all these movements now have to set about construction and development, and evolve a new world of art out of the continent their enterprise has acquired.

Or, rather, they have to do this if they plump for civilisation. An abundant and solid art, producing here and there the veins of wit and beauty that compensate us for the steady stupidity of existence, can only occur in respect of the painters' or sculptors' art in a civilised centre.

Naturally, in their new country the innovators can still spend their life in the saddle if they want to; can trap, fight, buccaneer for yet many a day. Or they may bustle off after another world. In that way they would develop into world-

discovering machines, their finds to be inhabited and enjoyed presumably by other people.

But the painter cannot be a man of action in the way the poet can. He is anchored to his craftsman's destiny, his necessary virtuosity with all the paraphernalia of his trade. Then there is the laborious evolution of the technical basis of his work: the finding of his "hand," of just what sort of a hand it is, and just what tools it needs: and then the organisation of a vision that comes to him immature.

Nor need we (to return to our discoverers) visualise them as Anglo-Saxon colonists, but rather as a more intellectual type of pioneer. And, again, we can even drop the American image altogether. Their discovery has not been antipodean or beyond the setting sun; it is simply the world in which we all stand and live. So this America that has been unearthed is simply London, Paris of to-day. The Redskins that have to be beaten off and finally exterminated are simply the tribes of unabashed, barbarous, commercial artists infesting these spheres. But fire-water fortunately destroys quantities of them; and the rest we will hope will molest us less and less as time goes on.

But what you want to know—you who insist on regarding "modern art" as a melodrama, in which Beauty is foully done to death by a villainous figure disguised as a Cube—you principally want to know when the pistol is next going off. What new technical surprises will you be expected to submit to?

This really rests entirely with the Italians. You always got your bloodiest bits from them, and always will. No one made such a ranting, gory job of the doing-in of Beauty as Marinetti. But all that remains in great uncertainty until the Futurist pamphlets begin to rain again this way.

Treating of the rest of the world: the cowboys with their sheepskin haunches, and their shirts of the hue of the Carmagnole, who *may* let off the stage gun, even two or three times, on our British boards, will be of the distant trapping or the rolling-stone order in these days to come. They will not necessarily be "bad men," but they will probably be bad artists! The good ones did all the banging that was required some time ago. When you leap on to a new continent for the first time you are compelled to make a slight din to frighten away any savages that may be

lurking in the neighbourhood. But a nice large new world really *has* been discovered. Let us get it into shape. (We have once more slipped back, when the cowboys came on, into our Columbian figure; but that will not cause us to forget that it is Oxford Street and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin that we are talking about all the while.) I am afraid that all the proceedings of those artists vowed to the "new art" will be observed with the greatest astonishment for some time by the big middle-class public. This public is, of course, never meant to understand what is happening, or to enjoy the pleasures of a finer world. He *must* be got to understand, however, that the baffling things of art are probably quite in order, a portion of his world, only a luckier, more rarefied and more sunlit portion. He usually, when he looks up at the white peaks, shudders ostentatiously and says, "Ugh! how *cold* all that looks! Art should be *emotional*. It should be human—a cry of the heart!" A sex-howl, a Burne-Jonesesque wallow of sentiment is what he means. Well, he must not be taught, but policed, simply, this big public. The public of the few thousands, on the other hand, must be carefully instructed and made into a real and responsive chorus. It is on the possibilities of rendering this smaller public *d'élite* more supple, more interested, and much more learned in the matter of pictorial art, that the healthy flourishing of painting in this country for the next twenty years depends. It is a debile and rather morbid public; it requires constant tonics and attention. The artist has many responsibilities in these Islands!

At the time Van Gogh was a craze I knew an art student who cast Rembrandt (in the shape of a monograph on that artist) into his latrine. For Van Gogh himself, on the other hand, Rembrandt was almost a religion. This should be driven into people's heads, this contrast. *No* serious artist thinks or propagates the notion for his own use that anything *better* can be done than such works as hang above Rembrandt's name in Amsterdam or the Hermitage. The brainless little loafer who has got into an art school because he was too lazy to go anywhere else hears of this or that development in art. He hears that So-and-So (capital S) "is painting all black." He rushes into the nearest *café* with the news. And the next time he sees a picture in

which there is a bright carmine or orange he curls his lip and turns his back. Now, this is what most people imagine to be the attitude of the man who "paints all black" as well. It is important for the public to realise that it usually is not. Artists do not experiment to give old Breughel one in the eye, or to go one better than Monsieur Tel et Tel, or to *improve* on this creation or on that. The particular attitude of mind and of speech we have just dealt with is confined to the unproductive *café*-haunting microbe, many of whose attitudes and imbecilities are attributed to artists. For, as he generally lets the hair at the back of his head grow long, and appears in many ways untidy and unusual, he is just the public's idea of an artist, and every small vulgarity that suggests itself to this shop-assistant allowed to stray is supposed by the unenlightened beholders to be the peculiar mentality that this occupation of picture painting engenders.

I hope that point has been enough cleared up, for it is an important one. It may finally be useful to consider, for the further illumination of it, what a painter's experiments imply.

The objects of a pathologist's experiments are to achieve some practical end: establish some law on which science can act. Once he has achieved this, he passes on to some other research. This law, again, is either right or wrong: it either cures people or kills them. The proof of its "rightness" is immediate. And, like a piece of machinery, it can be *improved*. But you cannot *improve* a Corot, an Ingres, or a Gaugin.

A painter's extreme experimentation, occurring in our civilisation, it would appear, every forty years or so, is a stepping aside from artistic production, almost, for the moment, into science. After a period of productivity which has burnt itself out and come to an end, he has to readjust and renew vision and virtuosity and develop the necessary material for a new term of creative work corresponding with the changed aspects and ideas of his time.

Cézanne's life-work is one solid block, of one material and of one character. He experimented heavily in the first instance to evolve this manner that fitted his vision. But a painter wants *one* vision, not the philanderer's seven hundred or more. The same applies to a movement or a school.

It may have several facets, but to succeed it must have an exact and infectious character of its own.

So, because you had a revolution six years ago, you need not expect another next month. The revolution in painting of the few years preceding the war has thoroughly succeeded.

# Palestine Impressions

## By Arthur Mills

THERE is now a good railway service between Cairo and Jerusalem. It may not be long before people include, as a matter of course, in their Egyptian travels a visit to Palestine. These are just a few impressions of one who has travelled on his Majesty's service throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Land.

### BETHLEHEM.

We were camped by Solomon's Pools. These pools lie two miles outside Bethlehem; they consist of what appear to be three large-sized swimming-baths; local sources of information are unreliable as regards their history, and differ; some people say the pools were built by King Solomon for his wives to wash in; others that they were built by someone else for the water supply of Jerusalem. The most authentic and genuine site in Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity. It is a very beautiful little church of great antiquity, and is built over the stables in which our Lord was born. These stables now form the crypt of the church. Stone steps, worn away by all the ages, lead down to the crypt; the visitor clasps the stump of a candle

or a taper provided for him by an ancient priest. The writer stood in front of the battered stone manger in the company of two tough-looking Australian light horsemen, with whom he was shortly going on a raid against the Hedjaz railway. At that time the Germans had launched, apparently successfully, their great offensive in France. Men's lives were held very lightly in the balance, and so, too, it seemed, was the fate of the world. The writer felt a wonderful sense of peace and security as he stood by the birthplace of Jesus Christ.

## The Jordan.

In *summer*, if the traveller leaves the main road between Jerusalem and Jericho, about two parts of the way down, and walks up to the top of a small hill on his left, he will look down upon such a scene of abomination and desolation as may well make him hold his breath. He stands himself at sea-level and looks down twelve hundred feet below on the Jordan valley. Away across the valley the mountains of Moab tower in a glassy haze, and on his right lie the lifeless, acrid-tasting waters of the Dead Sea. The valley is obscured by a heavy haze of suffocating heat. Curious pillars of dust, fifty and a hundred feet high, gyrate from end to end of the valley. It may have been some such a pillar that provided the pillar of cloud by day. Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, the ground is parched by the sun; there is no green save the oasis of Jericho, and even there the leaves of the trees are so laden with white dust as scarcely to show their colours. Equally with the absence of all vegetable life he will notice the absence of the animal world; perhaps a pie dog, strayed from Jericho, may be munching the remains of a long defunct camel; perhaps a brace of ugly brown carrion birds may be flopping ungracefully above the corpse; certainly in the wadies there will be scorpions, pink and white and poisonous, and vast colonies of the most revolting looking centipedes. Such is the Jordan valley in the summer, and as such it was occupied and made the best of all through the summer by our troops.

The crossing of the Jordan was a minor epic of the war. It was first attempted at the El Ghoraniyeh Ford. But

here the current proved too strong. The bridging party, with escorting infantry, moved down to the Mahahat Halga Ford, and here, after over fifty gallant Londoners had laid down their lives, a rope was got across, a bridgehead established, and a pontoon bridge put into place. The present writer had the task of supervising the passage of some four hundred camels across the pontoon. He was assisted by colonial troopers. The camels did not like the pontoon and the troopers did not like the camels. It is to be feared that much ill-temper was shown on both sides, and it was only after all was over that the writer realised that he was standing by the place where our Lord and John the Baptist were baptised.

## Damascus.

Damascus is one of the most lovely cities of the East and one of the least touched by time of the world's most ancient places. The streets of Damascus are cobbled and broken with huge holes, in wet seasons half filled with water. There appears to be no drainage system, but a very battered tramway service runs through the main part of the town. Except for the houses in the European quarter, the tramway appears the only thing that links Damascus with the present. The street called Straight, where St. Paul lodged, is now called Straight Street, and presents a brightly-coloured appearance. Damascus has been called the port of the desert, and does indeed lie on the very edge of a country as wild and uninhabited by Europeans as any in the world. On any day of the year it is a familiar sight to see a small convoy of Arabs from the desert making their way into the city leading camels laden with merchandise. The camels are great, shaggy-coated beasts with a prehistoric air about them, and they walk through Damascus as though they knew it was their city, with solemn, stately stride, turning their heads from side to side to glance disapprovingly at strangers. The bulk of the shops cater for Arab needs, or are receiving houses for Arab goods. In one shop the brightly-coloured, gay-trapped harness beloved by all Arab horsemen may be bought. In another shop the long camel-hair cloaks worn by the poorer classes and familiar to all students of sacred pictures are displayed.

Another shop sells the flowing silk kerchief and gaily-coloured cords used for binding the kerchief round the temples that forms the picturesque head-dress of the Bedouins.

The present writer entered Damascus a day or two after it had been captured by the British and handed over to the Arabs. The ancient city, so often fought for and so often taken, was once more in the hands of an Eastern race. There was an Arab military governor—a gentleman much given to pomp, ceremony, and assemblies. The streets were crowded with fierce-looking troops of the Arab army, dressed in all manner of uniforms. These were in the habit of galloping at full speed through the town or firing off their rifles as the fancy pleased them. The Arab flag of parti-coloured stripes and marked with a pinkish-red triangle flew everywhere. Hospitals were crowded with wounded Turks and Germans. These were receiving what attention the few British doctors on the spot could give them, but the order of the day was parades and bands and speeches.

# Last Days

## By Malcolm Lyon

NOTHING less than the miraculous intervention of a master mind can prevent economic breakdown and social collapse in victorious England. Outside the ballroom England lives between apathy and anxiety. Mentally apathetic but instinctively anxious. The London County Council Election was the triumph not of sanity or reaction, but of indifference. The instinct of self-preservation begins to whisper to the people of London that two millions of them must rapidly prepare to emigrate.

What contempt nature has for politics, and the inanities of politicians, for the meaningless babbling of our political comedians! The Grotesques—the Prime Minister and the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill—have just finished their latest laughable turn, yet no one laughed. The Prime Minister went to the Industrial Conference and, trembling with emotion, told them that this was England's hour of destiny, and bade them save England and thereby save the world. He bade them lead on towards the New Order. At the same moment his grotesque partner, Mr. Churchill, went to the House of Commons, where the Coalition sheep foregather with their war indemnity tails erect and challenging; and what in effect did he say? "A matchless military force, superbly equipped, shall hold the Empire from Ballybunnion to Bagdad, from Skibbereen to Sydney, from Donegal to Dar-es-Salaam. I will spend two hundred millions a year to get one hundred millions' worth of turnips as the vegetables of victory." Whereat the sheep jumped and scampered with delight. A few Liberal and Labour leaders talked dolefully of the New Order and the League of Nations without having formed the remotest idea of what the New Order is to consist, or how the League is to be obtained. Indeed, we may say, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Now, Mr. Smillie, who is fighting gallantly the battle of the miners—and, still more, the battle for what he obviously conceives to be the New Order, will at least make one admission. Whatever his new world is to be he must have *political security* as a medium for its creation and maintenance. Therefore, Mr. Smillie and the other Labour leaders are more vitally concerned in the question of political security than in any other question, even including the question of coal, for without political security they cannot progress in the direction of their policy. Therefore, the first objective is political security. Is that in sight? Not a bit of it. Is President Wilson tackling the problem of a League of Nations in a practical manner? Unfortunately, no!

Three days after the Draft Covenant of the League was completed in Paris, the Administrative Secretary of the French League of Nations Society wrote these words to the Irish League of Nations Society—words which will become memorable and which should bring the blush of shame to the faces of our statesmen:

"Your proposal to bring together 'National Conferences,' in which the claims of the peoples might be freely and seriously discussed is altogether worthy of attention, especially because of the embarrassment in which the Peace Conference of the Governments finds itself, obliged, in order to clear its mind upon these questions which are so complex, to proceed to hurried inquiries of which the result does not seem as if it could be very happy."

President Wilson, our Prime Minister, and Lord Robert Cecil are on the wrong track. They are sincerely ideal. And ideally insincere. Their flaming eloquence is barren of creative heat. They continually arrive. And they never get there. And so it happens that three days after the child of their venturesome fancy is born in Paris, the Secretary of the French League of Nations Society says that the National Conferences which, with the splendid encouragement of the Editor, I had advocated two years ago in the pages of this REVIEW, are "altogether worthy of attention."

You cannot have a League of Nations unless intercommunicating National Conferences give sanction for a Declaration of Rights—an International Magna Charta as the

world's expression of justice—to form the basis of the League. If President Wilson had been practical, if he had understood and explained the great human responsibilities that a genuine League of Nations must be ready and proud to bear, little-boy-blue, alias Mr. Winston Churchill, could have found no audience for his Hohenzollern performance. It is precisely because President Wilson is unpractical that Mr. Churchill is able to beat the big drum.

It is easy for two hundred Washington Congressmen to resolve that Ireland shall be heard at the Peace Conference. Let them also resolve that in order that the League of Nations may become a living, vital thing that the Imperial problems of Japan shall be equally dealt with by the statesmen in Paris. If you say "to hell with the Japanese" and "God save Ireland" in the same breath, that breath is wasted. This is the American contribution to the New Order. It is the old humbug. And so the Japanese maintain vast conscript armies, and place large orders for aircraft. One hundred million Americans inhabit the United States, where there is room for a four times greater population. And excepting wool and tropical products the Americans can find the riches of the world within their own territories, and they exclude the manufactures of other countries by prohibitive tariffs. Sixty-five million Japanese sit cramped in their island home, and the League of Nations says to them: "We preach the brotherhood of peoples. There shall be a Parliament of man. Give up your armaments. Rely upon the justice of the League. We will accept the great human responsibility of your National Destiny. We will give you alike opportunity and security." Now the Japanese people consider the League of Nations to be the most humbugging thing of modern times. Are they wrong?

President Wilson suggests that seven hundred millions of awaiting people have already said "All hail deliverer" to his draft covenant. What are the facts? Beneath the surface the relations between Japan and her American and Chinese League of Nations *brothers* have never been worse. A political darkness has fallen upon the Far East, and the Paris clap-trap only aggravates the position. Italy is warned that she will not receive food if she does not behave. The Poles and Czechs are ready to fly at each other's

throats. Serbia and Roumania cannot compose their differences. Who is to blame? Not Poland, not Czecho- or Jugo-Slovakia, not Italy, not China or Japan, not even Germany. England and America are to blame. Wilson and Lloyd George are to blame. In the world sense they are unpractical statesmen. Have England and America advanced one yard towards a League of Nations? The whole thing has developed into an entanglement bordering on absurdity. If America cannot bring Japan wholeheartedly into the League, America fails. If England cannot bring Ireland into the League, England fails. And their failure may yet prove to be the first contributing cause to the break up of our civilisation. Viscount Grey said that the Peoples must learn or perish. Did he ever say that the problem of Ireland must be submitted to the League of Nations? Of course not. It is not the business of statesmen to be practical or to have a dynamic world sense. They provide a diet of empty phrases. That is their appointed task. President Wilson told the American people that the alternative to his League is darkness, whereas in fact, his League is rapidly spreading darkness and chaos throughout the world. In its present sinister form of selfish insincerity it is a destructive agency akin to Bolshevism. President Wilson came to Paris magnificent as an idealist, unpractical as a world statesman, therefore he lacked power, with the resulting chaos that we now witness. He has been good enough to express appreciation of my writings; now early in February last I warned him that he would return to find Europe in political and economic darkness. Does he return to breathe life into his still-born child—the Draft Covenant? Heaven forbid! The evil thing bears the mark of the political beast. He must commence again. What must he do? Clearly, he must call the National Conferences, as I suggested two years ago, and they must hammer out a Declaration of Rights that shall constitute the sheet anchor of our world political system; or we shall not move to a New Order. Is it too much to hope that in adopting this course he may expect the support of all sane politicians in this country, and that the Labour Party will abandon their really rather ingenuous notion that this World Declaration of Rights can be settled by Webb, Henderson, Macdonald and Co., in a little back room in

Westminster? Upon this road of National Conferences we may, after arduous journeying, attain to a measure of political security. There is no other road. In no other way can we hope to obtain the new groupings for the New Order.

Let us now turn to the other side of our problem, which is social and economic. Writing in the middle of January for this REVIEW, I ventured to indicate that an economic breakdown in England was at hand, and to urge the immediate setting up of a National Economic Council. It must not be supposed that either the Coal Commission or the Industrial Conference, with or without the Prime Minister's blessing, can perform the work of this Economic Council, and therefore such a body should be called together at once. The Coal Commission is conducting what is essentially a specific inquiry and one of inestimable value, and the Industrial Conference is seeking to create favourable politico-economic atmosphere, to pour oil upon the troubled waters of industry. The National Economic Council should confine itself to a public discussion of root economics and *economic mechanism*. The typhoon will soon burst, it is to be feared, but we must endeavour to ride the tempest and to make some sort of harbour. Therefore, this Council, representative of the finest talent in the country, should get to work at once. Pick out thirty of our best bankers in the United Kingdom, remembering it is not always the chairmen who have the brains, select ten of our soundest economists, and let Thomas and Clynes introduce a dozen of their ablest thinkers and extremists. The principal items on the agenda for a Council thus formed should be :—

1. An analysis of the United Kingdom economic position, showing as accurately as possible the proportion of the population which is, or could be, based upon our natural resources, and the proportion dependent upon activities and happenings beyond the control of our State authority.

2. An analysis and explanation of economic mechanism.

3. An inquiry into the economic result, if any, of legislative limitation of individual wealth.

I believe a consideration of the first item in this agenda will lead to remarkable disclosures, and bring home to the people of this country certain elemental facts which are largely ignored. It will be found that the English

extremists and theorists, in seeking to establish a New Order, have a more difficult and complex task to perform than that which confronted Lenin and Trotsky. Half of our entire population are dependent upon economic activities which are governed by conditions entirely beyond the control of any State authority that could be established here. The question turns on whether Labour is ready to burn its boats and drift into the unknown with a sublime abandon and at a moment's notice.

In the philosophy of the New Order one question which transcends all others in importance is the question of *economic mechanism.* What is to be the *economic mechanism of the New Order?* Is it to be Capital or the Bayonet? Is there an intermediate method? Is it to be the impersonal authority of Capital or the decree of the Proletariat backed by bayonets? It is of paramount importance that the ablest thinkers on the side of Labour should be closely interrogated as to their conception of economic mechanism, and as to the kind of mechanism they propose to establish? Does capital enter into their mechanism? Do they expect the State to provide capital in a non-capitalistic State? Is this possible? Is their economic mechanism dependent upon the existence of capitalists, be they large or small, idle or *affairé*, Baptist or Jesuit? Is co-operation their alternative to capital? Do not the co-operative societies *function* on purely capitalistic lines? Do these societies with a membership running into several millions transact more than a small fraction of the trade of the country? Does not *market price* of Labour and commodities govern all their operations, and thus save them the insuperable difficulty of settling disputes as to price between, for example, their coal consumers and their coal miners? If the whole of England were placed on a co-operative basis tomorrow, what would be the policy of their guiding star in the industry of agriculture? Would he co-operate with Canadian wheat or with English wheat? A variant of a system is not a revolution in a system. Surely it is evident that a large part of the whole world must be on a co-operative basis before England could function co-operatively, whatever that may mean, and, therefore, co-operation is an impracticable policy at present as an alternative to the

capitalistic system. As intelligent beings we must endeavour to reach a large measure of agreement as to economic mechanism and its meaning. Faulty judgment in this fundamental matter must inevitably bring disaster. Therefore, let the bankers cross-examine Mr. Webb and any others who may wish to put themselves forward as being able to explain the economic mechanism of their New Order.

Mr. H. G. Wells has just given us an imaginary conversation between God and the Devil. Let us have an actual conversation between Bolshevists and bankers!

In the matter of the limitation of individual wealth and its effect upon the capitalistic system, the National Economic Council could usefully debate three examples, viz., £300 per annum, £3,000 per annum, and £30,000 per annum. It is clear that the capitalistic system would remain undisturbed if a £30,000 limit were applied! The bankers would probably advise that a £300 limit would smash the system. Would a £3,000 limit reconcile Labour? If ten men with £3,000 a year should take the place of one man with £30,000 a year does Labour benefit?

Would legislative limitation of individual wealth in England be followed by similar legislation in the United States and other countries? If this is necessary to reconcile Labour here, how will it be less necessary in the United States?

If one may be allowed a brief survey of the general position, it is to be observed, in the first place, that, in the belligerent European countries, currency in varying measure has been degraded. In England the purchasing power of a sovereign in terms of comparison used to be 20*s*., in Germany 16*s*., in France 15*s*., and in America 12*s*., and it is important to remember that the advantage thus conferred upon all operations leading up to export was traceable not to our system of Free Trade, but to our monopoly of Free Trade. The present position in France and Germany is difficult to estimate, or even guess at, but there can be little doubt that England's relative advantage in purchasing power, *vis-à-vis* America, has largely disappeared. It is generally admitted that at no time in our history has there been presented a more impelling necessity for increasing our exports and for

improving the purchasing power of a sovereign to facilitate this trade. Thus the Government finds itself in a grave dilemma because in their effort to maintain the home trade in view of the employment it affords they are induced to prohibit imports. And this action appears doubly justified seeing that every import saved benefits our exchange position. For these reasons Sir Auckland Geddes—a doctor, I believe, by profession—had a "walk-over" in the House of Commons the other night when he announced the temporary policy of the Government in this matter. Now, our export trade is as important as our home trade, and our home trade in large measure rests upon an artificial basis unless our exports are well maintained. Our general trading position presents quite extraordinary difficulties at the present time, and if it is desired to retain the capitalistic system—and this is the first thing we want to know—a more unfavourable moment could scarcely have been selected for launching the New Order.

Let it be assumed that Labour forces the position and attempts a general advance all along the line towards the New Order, and that trade union interests in America desire to assist the movement here—anyhow, so far as it concerns an improvement in the general standard of the life of the worker. In what way could American trade unionists help? To take a concrete case, how can they assist Mr. Smillie? It is clear that, in view of what Mr. Gompers has preached in Paris, he would feel that he was not worth his salt unless he stood by Mr. Smillie so far as he possibly could. So far as Labour can control, is there a possible equation between Gompers, Smillie, and Havelock Wilson? This question has a fascinating quality. The answer to it will mean everything to the New Order. What is the practical point we reach? It is this. Is it possible for Gompers, Smillie, and Havelock Wilson, in conjunction with their respective Governments, to eliminate competition and to agree prices and respective shares of trade for a period of, say, one year in the coal industry? In normal times, and for the purpose of this argument we will assume normal times, what are the difficulties that would present themselves? Are the unknown quantities in supply and demand so large, or the difficulties in fixing a price of a com-

modity with high differentials in natural resource, which can here include the factor of accessibility to market, so great as to make this programme unworkable? I do not think so. It is true that Mr. Leo Maxse told us the other evening in the *Globe* that Germany could pay the whole indemnity in coal, meaning 23,000,000,000 tons at 20*s.* a ton and the price of 20*s.* presents the case in the most favourable way for him, for in practice it would be a lower price and a corresponding increase in the tonnage to be delivered necessary. Remembering that the total British export was less than 100,000,000 tons, an estimate of the period that would be required to complete this operation would lead one to suppose that a thousand years are as nothing in his divine vision. The National Economic Council could spend a useful hour every day in publicly obliterating authorities of the Maxse type in order to clear the ground.

If Governments and Labour, with or without employers or capitalists, cannot eliminate competition and fix by agreement selling values and divide total trade in the great commodities such as coal, cotton, wool, meat, and wheat, what will be the course of Government action when these industries are owned by the State, which is advocated as the first step towards the New Order? Can a State Authority compete? In war and peace Governments can agree. Can they in the time of peace compete? In competition, our Government Authority selling coal for export or buying cotton, wool, and meat must fight for its own side with the greatest determination. Is this possible? Is it not war? Surely, under the New Order, with State ownership, unless a country is practically self-contained economically, as the United States are and as we are not, the conclusion is irresistible that the State will be compelled to devise a method whereby competition may be eliminated in all transactions conducted with buyers or sellers domiciled abroad. If nationalisation of coal in England was not followed by similar legislation in the United States what would be the attitude of coal-mining interests there when they found themselves no longer engaged in ordinary trade competition with shipping and colliery interests here, but engaged in a struggle with a State Authority acting for the Central Government of a mighty Empire? There would certainly be a very grave cause for friction, and it is not easy to see

how it would be avoided. In any case, a careful estimate of the possibilities of success in this respect is very necessary. Here the problem is politico-economic, and one must hope that its consideration will constitute a part of the work of the Industrial Conference now sitting.

It is unprofitable and harmful to talk of the New Order, to suggest that it cannot be obtained by adjustments between Labour and Capital, to affirm that it is conditional upon State ownership and control of staple industries, as the Parliamentary Leader of the Labour Party has recently done, unless there is reasonable ground for expecting success in working under the new system. The difficulties must be anticipated and dealt with, for a pacifist Bolshevist is nearly as dangerous to society as an activist Bolshevist. An attempt has been made here to outline some, at least, of these difficulties, and by whatever method they are to be overcome it is only right that that method should be fully explained and in a responsible manner.

In the present situation neither text-books nor precedents can afford guidance. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George know perfectly well that their League of Nations is a hollow pretence if Ireland and Japan are left in the air. They should not have embarked upon their Olympian adventure unless they were prepared to face root-issues. They assume that the root-issues concern all peoples except their own peoples. Directly their own interests are touched they squeal, "Domestic question!" This is not the Olympian manner.

The Japanese are five feet high, brown in colour, they have swivel-shaped eyes, and they eat raw fish. In the Mediterranean they sank German submarines. They are excluded from the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The League of Nations is to deflect them from imperialism based upon conscript armies, and the Japanese people are to be made to realise that their national destiny will be safe in the care of the League. This surely would be the first function of the League; yet America, Canada, Australia, and South Africa will entertain no responsibility for Japan's future. They will not even discuss it. The Japanese representatives sit silently at the Peace Conference like graven images. Instead of imparting to the Conference Japanese opinion of the League, they say

nothing. At one and the same time they produce an impression of intense interest and profound unconcern. They conduct themselves as if they were the representatives of Sirius.

As to Ireland, if he knew his business Mr. Austen Chamberlain could have realised long ago that the settlement of the Irish question concerned him more than any other Minister. If our political treatment of Ireland conforms to League of Nations philosophy, America and France should bear their share of our military expenditure in that country. On the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must see that the *cost* of maintaining political settlements in Poland and in Czecho- and Jugo-Slovakia, which are inconsistent with the Irish settlement, will prove to be entirely prohibitive and *must be avoided*, for otherwise bankruptcy will overtake us.

Mr. Thomas flies to Paris and brings back in his mouth the ripe plum of nationalisation of the railways, now losing one hundred millions a year, to which is to be added another hundred millions, the cost of the miners' and railway men's new demands. Thus the electric "Eric," with his electric engines, is expected to convert a loss of two hundred millions into a profit of fifty millions. Mr. Thomas' plum will add a thousand millions to our National Debt.

Make the League of Nations into a vital human instrument, make it the sheet-anchor of our world-political system. Cut out the flying stunts. Summon the National Economic Council. Let England take her bearings and save herself, and thereby save the world.

# The Parting of the Ways

By Austin Harrison

We have now reached the critical hour in the European settlement which is to close the drama of the great war. On all writers, therefore, a quite peculiar responsibility rests, for to-day men must declare themselves. They must either stand for the Old or the New Order. They must be men who dare to preach death or men who have the courage to demand life.

Ever since 1896 I have written practically with but one object in view; namely, to rouse Britain to the perils of her unpreparedness for war, to insist upon our military responsibility to France, to awaken men to realise the hideous gravity of the coming world-war. In the process I was turned off newspapers and bookstalls, was attacked directly and indirectly by Ministers and politicians, not a few of whom are in office to-day, including Mr. Lloyd George; but at least I held on. I can claim justification. And now another world-issue has arisen, which no man can shirk. Man must co-operate or fight, and there is no alternative We must be men of the League and the New Order, or men who allow of no hope and recognise no progress. For the European system has broken down. Its crash is at hand.

We stand at the parting of the ways. Either we end the era of feudalism or we reopen it. We enter upon a New Order or we struggle on with the Old Order. We build anew on the basis of the League of Nations or we continue the system that prevailed in 1914, and between these two ways there is no road of compromise. And that is the historic significance of America's entry into the war as the mission of President Wilson with his Fourteen Points, which were to lay the foundations of a new international system, a new basis of society, and a new economic relationship. Now, this full work is clearly not to be—not yet, at any rate. The Fourteen Points have dwindled down to a scaffolding of agreement styled a Draft Covenant, the

application of which would seem only too remote. The New Order will thus certainly not now come out of any bandbox at Paris. In this respect President Wilson has failed.

The quintessential basis of a real League of Nations is obviously economic, as President Wilson recognised, and it is here that America has not shown sympathy. We can test this by the wording of the Covenant, whereas, according to the original plan, the basis was to be co-operative : which is, and must be, the root principle of the new system. It failed because society, as we now know it, is competitive, not co-operative : the god of the modern world is Capital, and all empires are built upon that mechanism, conspicuously America and Great Britain. Now, Capital is competitive; therefore, nations and empires are competitive. The South African war was fought for the mines. The Monroe Doctrine is essentially self-protective or capitalistic. President Wilson, therefore, failed in his highest aim because America is apparently not yet prepared to accept the co-operative order; neither is Europe. The Fourteen Points in reality underpinned the competitive system; they pre-supposed a new basic principle of society. We are still far from that goal. Yet only so could the League of Nations have been born into full grace, as Henri Lambert, the Belgian, has pointed out. Both America and Europe still cling to the capitalistic or competitive system. The League has been truncated accordingly, and remains a torso.

The President failed, as Mr. Arthur Simonds pointed out, because he went to Paris without a piece of paper. His method was auto-suggestion. The Powers waited, but the President produced no scheme; then they set to work themselves, with the results apparent in the Draft. This initial failure was, no doubt, inevitable. Success was only possible given sincerity and the determination to enforce it; given, too, a World Charter of Rights to which all the nations could attest, created as the result of great national conferences representing, not politicians, but the united intelligence, the spirituality, the spirit of the peoples (all which has been insisted upon again and again in this REVIEW). But no attempt was made to found such a charter—perhaps because America is not ready for it. At any rate, there is no sign that America contemplates aban-

doning competitive capitalism for the co-operative system, and so the Covenant stands as a compromise half-way between the two systems, the inevitable fruit of a secret conference conducted by professional politicians steeped in the Old Order and screened from the conscience and vision of the peoples.

This means, of course, that Paris will not present the world with a new system; it can now merely indicate the lines of progress. And this, again, means that the League, when fashioned, will not remove the causes of strife; it will merely remove a cause of war, or rather, a system of war. It will thus leave Europe with the new war or march of progress, which would now seem inevitable—the war between Capital and Labour, or, more truly stated, the struggle between the competitive and co-operative systems.

Let us, then, harbour no illusions. The League of Nations as originally planned by the American President will not be. At Paris the Draft Covenant clearly accepts the competitive order; it is thus a beginning. It remains to be seen whether it can even be that and survive application.

That is the danger of the world position to-day. The problem is both political and economic, and the difficulty will consist in agreeing the new groupings, or amalgamating the old and the new groupings into harmony compatible with a working whole, or even founding a basis upon which men can construct hopefully.

Politically, the League depends upon the terms of peace to be imposed upon Germany, because this is the condition of security without which there can be no confidence and so no construction. I do not know what these terms are, but if the newspapers are correct the terms are crushing and vindictive, virtually reducing Germany to a non-economic unit. The *Daily Mail* has published a map showing Germany deprived of 12,000,000 people; hemmed in on all sides by buffer or strategic States; reduced to vassalage and cut off from the raw materials of the world. This is the French desire; or, rather, it is the desire of the French politicians at present in power. They want to humiliate the Germans utterly; to crush them and prevent their recovery. Nor do they make any secret about it.

Poland is to be restored largely to sever Germany from Russia, who likewise is to be prevented from linking up

with Germany. Similarly a greater Serbia is to be created to cut off Germany from the Mediterranean and the East. The left bank of the Rhine is to be sliced off, and Austria is to be forbidden alliance with Germany. In short, Germany is to be crippled politically and economically, after the manner of Napoleon and the Assyrian conquerors, and, if the Press reports faithfully, the major part of this programme is likely to be carried out.

I need hardly say that not only is any such peace completely at variance with League of Nations spirit, completely at variance with the public statements of our own Ministers, but will render nugatory the creative spirit of the League *ab ovo*. But, apart from that consideration, I fancy all reasonable men will admit that such a peace cannot be permanent and is the negation of the New Order.

We are told that Germany is to be demilitarised in a way unexampled in history. She may keep a few fortifications to fight the Bolshevists on the East. This obviously strategic plan may succeed, provided demilitarisation is general; but so far this is certainly not the intention, and, if so, the results will merely be aggravation, leading to just that spirit of revenge that the League, if it is to serve any constructive purpose at all, is called upon to remove. The idea seems to be that, clipped of her wings, Germany could not revive, and that the League could then do the rest. Such a scheme will prove as futile as Bismarck's terms upon France in 1871. The only security we can obtain is confidence created by a just peace. To treat Germany like a mad dog and expect her to remain in chains for ever afterwards is to out-Hun the Hun; is to lay the seeds of a return Armageddon; is to destroy the League at its birth.

The immediate results of such a peace will probably be: (1) The refusal on the part of the Germans to sign it, and so the advent to power of the extreme revolutionaries, who will then establish the Bolshevist State. (2) In the former case, the necessity of armed occupation of Germany; in the second, of an expedition against a Bolshevist Germany and Russia. (3) Continuous friction or war in Europe. (4) Anarchy, famine, pestilence, revolution, which will, in a high degree of probability, generate a reaction in the Entente countries, and so precipitate a general proletarian upheaval.

So far as Britain is concerned, the effects of a peace of annexations and vindictiveness must be: (1) The maintenance of conscript armies. (2) Prolonged occupation of enemy territories, with a certain continued loss of life. (3) Enormous expenditure on armaments. (4) Military government.

The idea that the Germans will indefinitely submit, or that we can indefinitely compel them to submit, to the loss of 12,000,000 of their people, to humiliation and armed servitude, can only be entertained by those who have never read history. But the immediate point is this: a vindictive peace will necessitate British armed support indefinitely. If, therefore, we allow France to take the left bank of the Rhine, British soldiers alone can enable her to maintain that bank. Similarly with Poland. If Danzig is given to Poland, British soldiers will have to be kept in Poland ready to defend the town whenever necessary. Poland will have to be turned into an armed camp and financed by Britain, kept supplied with guns and war materials, and for many years financially supported out of the British tax-payers' pockets. So will the Greater Serbia. So, probably, will Italy, and so will Greece. And so largely will France. In a word, a peace—whether guaranteed by a League or not, whether styled strategic, Napoleonic, or mandatory—which is based on annexations and vindictiveness, and sets up strategic but non-economic units, will merely perpetuate the armed condition of Europe before 1914, as any man can see for himself who inquires into the reason of the £650,000,000 war or peace Budget for the coming year.

We shall then have an Alliance once more based on force, which we in Britain will have to pay for, and which America may not support. The truth is that Poland cannot alone maintain herself between Germany and Russia without our financial support; nor can Serbia. We shall have to finance these countries, especially as they are to act as buffer States—countries, let us remember, reduced by war to complete ruin. I say deliberately the man who thinks we can afford to subsidise this Bismarckian military combination is either ignorant of finance or does not want to know the facts. We cannot afford it. We cannot even attempt this experiment with solvency. And there is this consi-

deration. We dare not defy the democratic spirit of the world even with a year of such a repudiation of every principle of our civilisation, now linked, for good or for evil, with the sanction of America.

Our soldiers did not die for Cæsar; they died for the truth of their civilisation. We did not fight for France to enable her to wreak her vengeance on Germany; we fought for the principle of progress. To-day we cannot go back to the military peaces which have made war through history right and desirable, and, if we do, the results will be military. But the truth is we cannot pay for that "luxury" even if we wished to. It is not only militarism which has destroyed itself; the capitalist system has destroyed itself—in this sense, certainly, that the discrepancies between wealth as represented by work and that as represented by mechanism has reached a point where some equation or modification of system is necessary, or the system itself will collapse.

The idea of politicians was this. To cripple Germany; to control the raw materials, and so, through intensive production—super-production, it was popularly called—to recover and dominate the world's markets. But the flaws in the argument were two. First, these enthusiasts forgot that production is useless without political security—that is to say, to sell, somebody has to buy; and, secondly, that super-production, as contemplated, depended upon low wages, which is precisely the condition refused by Labour, stirred by fire and sword to "get the New World" offered them by Mr. Lloyd George in one of his picturesque but superficial speeches. We can see the application of this attitude in connection with the coal crisis. If, therefore, an increase of miners' wages influences the export of coal our whole industrial position is shaken. Our economic basis being coal, wages must conform to that basis or the capitalistic strength of the country will suffer. *The Times* summarised this attitude in a recent statement that the question was not the conditions in which miners live, but the exporting equation of capitalism.

Economically, thus we stand at the parting of the ways precisely as we so stand politically. Now, that this dual position is integrally inwoven in the peace to be inflicted on Germany and the New Order to be constituted under

League of Nations law can hardly be disputed. Nor are they separable. The immediate foundations of construction or recovery lie absolutely in the new groupings associated with the peace, because on them will depend the question of security in Europe, and by security I do not mean in the least military security, which we know to be entirely illusory—life being progress or movement, never stagnation—but that security which is based on confidence as the result of conditions that are inherently constructive, because themselves based on opportunity. That is the precondition not only of order, but of recovery. We cannot begin to recuperate until Europe is restored to some basis of working opportunity. And if that basis is not created on the principle of opportunity—and this implies a just peace, a settlement of reconciliation, a return to pre-war conditions of buying and selling—Europe will continue in conditions of disorder, and there will be no confidence and so no security, no matter how many millions of soldiers while away their days watching the Rhine flow by, or how many guns remain trained upon German towns, or how many Ministers fly to and fro to Paris at the public cost of £400 the trip.

Politically, thus, the problem is immediate and determinative. Its acuteness is to-day world-critical, because it is clear that the League of Nations can only be at present an embryo. Its essential condition was sincerity, but that is precisely what is lacking. Only the other day the politicians at Paris sought, in the absence of President Wilson, to detach the peace from the Covenant and inflict ruinous terms upon Germany. This the President has partially scotched, evidently to the consternation of the "kept" Press, which had been at pains to assure the public that peace must come first, the League afterwards—a pleasant way of saying that the League could then be rejected, perhaps by the Senate in America. Now, if the peace does turn out to be penal, we shall find soon enough that Paris has solved nothing. Up to the present, the big Five have hardly ventured to tackle the problems of war, have evaded all the real difficulties. We have ruled out Ireland. America has not referred to the imperial difficulties of Japan—Japan has said nothing. Only strategic map-making has been indulged in, and the

League, contrary to the first principles of the President, is to be particularist. French politicians, thinking in the eighteenth century, have won. Our politicians seek to placate the public with the idea that the Channel Tunnel is the solution to Europe's problem. The net results so far are: (1) Mr. Churchill's huge Army Bill. (2) French elation at the prospects of humiliating and expropriating Germany. (3) A pious formula of agreement in the nebulosities of the Covenant, which is so incoherently worded that few people even profess to understand it. (4) General inertia as the result of Paris secrecy and all the conditions of chronic warfare between the little peoples ready to fly at one another's throats.

Thus Italy blocks Serbia, Serbia blocks Poland, and so on, and all these new greater States will require our financial aid, and all, if they are to endure, must have it. Has the League even considered the immense complexities of the problems they are creating with their strategic thought? What provision is to be made to safeguard the minorities in these countries? I know these peoples fairly well. Does any man suppose they will give freedom of religion, or freedom of anything, to the Roman Catholics, the Jews, the Lutherans? How is the League to ensure toleration? And, again, has it ever considered the economic possibilities of these new units? I recall a joke which went round diplomatic circles in 1915, when a Polish emissary was trying to make one of our prominent politicians, now at Paris, understand the Polish case. "But three-quarters of you Poles are Jews, aren't you?" answered our learned Minister. To-day let us hope this great statesman knows that the Poles are Catholics.

Now, though the international position is the basis of our security, and to-day Europe is a cockpit of new and revivalist ambitions, the economic problem really controls; controls them and controls us, yet it is precisely here that the politicians have thought wrongly, or, rather, have not thought. They reckoned in the terms of the Paris economic agreement, whereby El Dorado was to come about automatically. It took the form of the lie of the General Elections, when the Prime Minister pledged himself to a £24,000,000,000 indemnity. "There is absolutely no doubt about the principle we should proceed upon," he

said, "Germany must pay the costs of the war." To-day his battling famulus, Mr. Bonar Law, wrestling with the adroit importunities of Mr. Horatio Bottomley and others, who quite probably have not considered the difficulties of transfer of value, informs us that our policy is "*not to make a demand which we know Germany in no circumstances can pay.*" That is a different tune. It means that our politicians have lately seen a banker or two and heard a little economic truth. It means that the coupon election was fought on a deliberate lie.

That leaves us with the smell plus the fact that we shall not obtain indemnities from Germany, so that unless America takes over a good part of our debt we shall have to face it. Now, this means that we cannot afford to maintain huge armies; we cannot afford to police Europe indefinitely; we cannot afford to keep a million men unemployed to enable France to colonise the left bank of the Rhine; we cannot even afford to finance Poland. And France is dependent upon us. The whole European capitalist system is dependent to-day upon us. If, then, we create (through a peace which breeds vengeance) conditions of latent insecurity, and among our friends conditions of frustrated ambition, our ruin is provided for, and with us the whole European capitalistic system will crash.

We are thus brought up against the League of Nations as the only way out politically and economically. Now, we have seen that a real League of Nations is not to be; the problem, therefore, is not whether the Draft Covenant can be altered to resemble somewhat more constructively the Fourteen Points upon which it is supposed to be based, but this hard truth. Can any League emanate from the minds at present at work on it in Paris calculated (1) to impose a peace sufficiently just to warrant some measure of stability; (2) to relieve us of the burden of vast armaments; (3) to establish an international harmony sufficient to meet the demands of organised Labour thinking internationally; (4) to put an end to the state of physical war in Europe sufficiently to enable us to tackle the economic war at home, and so find some equation between Labour and Capital which can bring about that economic basis upon which the complex nature of our Empire is founded? That is the problem, and unless we can create a League of Nations

strong enough in its new groupings to find a solution for these questions—and to create these groupings the League must be collective—the League will fail, and we shall be left with a mere Alliance, which dare not disarm and will remain bankrupt and rotten from its start. I say deliberately: We must begin afresh; we must tackle the problem of Ireland.

Face it, and what do we find? Wretched intrigue on both sides from the beginning of the war. But to-day this is Britain's acid test. It is the key to the League of Nations. There will be no League unless and until we settle that problem. At this hour Ireland is the heart of our imperial continuity. Ireland and Japan are the two keys which alone can unlock the Millennium of the New Order. Japan is America's responsibility. Ireland is ours. Together, they are the two poles of our system.

We are asked to set up a Polish navy. We do not speak of the terrible slums of Dublin, of that blood stigma embodied in the fact that the Irish in America form double the population of the Irish in Ireland, of the deliberate crushing out of the Irish industries, and the hapless deadlock of the present day. It is our shame. When Belfast struck the other day not a word came from Sir E. Carson, the political hero of Ulster. The fact speaks for itself. When it is a question of inciting Protestant against Catholic, of gun-running, of treason to the Crown, then Sir Edward Carson mounts his charger; but when the men of Ulster ask for better conditions their leader is silent. Strikes, of course, are not politics, or the game which is to tie Ulster to England, and to inflame England against Catholic Ireland. To-day Ireland is held down by 80,000 troops; the whole island is seething with sedition; men are arrested and imprisoned as in the worst days of the *régime* of Tsarist Russia. Our whole policy is bankrupt. Even the Sinn Fein leaders walk out of prison. The world speaks of the League of Nations, and—grins.

There is only one course open to us. We must utilise the purpose of the League and submit Ireland to that body. It is almost the only way, for it will be difficult for Englishmen to forgive Sinn Fein for their attitude during war, and perhaps no Government would venture to. But the League is different. Its purpose is to assume responsibility for diffi-

culties, to find accommodation, to further adjustment, or it has no purpose. This is Britain's supreme opportunity both to settle the Irish problem and to create the League. In a flash the League would then be born. In a flash the American President would be freed from his home difficulties, for the Irish in America would be behind him. In a flash Japan would see the reality of this thing, and, for the first time, would speak to the world, asking also for accommodation. In a flash the League, in lieu of being a mere covenant of words without application and thoughts without sincerity, would utter its first world-cry of deliverance, and life would come to it, gathering in the conscience and sanction of the world, creating where now it cannot create, compelling where to-day it cannot compel, and mankind would salute it. Are we to refuse this matchless chance?

Let us be quite frank. Our whole Empire is at stake. It is questionable whether we shall speak of Empire as a geographical conception ruled from London in the new world conditions that now must come. Rather we shall refer to the Commonwealth. But this Commonwealth will depend upon harmony, and if now we fail to settle the Irish problem disharmony will result, disintegration and the unit of our civilisation, which is, as the war has shown, our *principle* and not in the least our law, our heraldry, or even our language, will be broken, and broken for ever more; and it was because of the refusal of that principle that Ireland failed us. Nor may we hope for a working understanding with America without this settlement. Rather the contrary. Americans will not understand failure on our part at this hour of regeneration, and they will not understand a League of Nations which cannot effect a settlement. Our Empire, which has fought side by side with such magnificent endurance, will not understand an England which refuses Ireland the share that is theirs, the rights that are common to the whole, the significance that is the virtue and sanction of the imperial structure. We cannot at this hour of unparalleled crisis refuse the spirit of the age, the spirit—let us remember—of our own victory. The strength of our imperialism lies in its parts. We shall defy that integration at our peril. In a word, to refuse is to defeat ourselves.

The fact is we have to think no longer imperially, but as a civilisation which is our truth and destiny. Imperialisms, as

formerly understood, are not compatible with a League of Nations. Our future lies not in any geographical unit, but the unit of our civilisation; not, that is, in imperial tariffs and ties, but in English-speaking judgments and truths. Our Empire has grown into a creed—of language, of idea, of habit, of temper, outspanning all geographical confines, conscious rather of a truth than of any pact or attestation of allegiance. And this is our historic justification. Our Empire has become Shakespearian in its manifestations. It is, in fact, the symbol of modern civilisation. We present the world, literally, with the "freedom of the seas."

In this new shape, in this new *rôle*, Ireland has her rightful part to act, and we cannot gainsay her. Her sorrows are world-sorrows, but her faith is our faith. Over the body of Ireland we step into the New Order, or we go back. The future of our Empire will turn upon this fateful decision. And without a settlement with Ireland the League of Nations will be still-born.

If our politicians possess any remnants of common sense they will make the grand gesture and send Ireland to Paris, place the problem before the Tribunal of the League, and seek adjustment. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Failure on our part will reduce the League of Nations to a negation or mere mechanism, and eventually dissolve this Empire.

Do not let us be under any delusions about Empires. Henceforth we and America must work together as a covenant of civilisation, thinking in one language, in being and in posterity one. There is no avoiding this. In entering into the European configuration we have through victory left it. Historically we have joined hands, not with Europe, but with America. Blood has returned to blood. We shall have to think accordingly. In this recreation of what is inherently a common civilisation, Ireland cannot be ostracised or treated as a mere rebellious province at the whim and mercy of a clever politician. In the new groupings of the Anglo-Saxon world the centre of gravity will be justice and confidence, not territory or uniform. And this very dissonance of comparison and disparate interdependence will compose the unity of the whole, will ultimately condition the law of the League of Nations, will create, or, failing, will destroy the white man's civilisation.

For only we together can hope to achieve creation. And Ireland is the corner-stone of this twin sanction. Without Ireland there will be no sanction, and the League will break. To-day this is the touchstone of our sincerity and of all Anglo-American partnership.

To sum up. A real League of Nations cannot now be expected from Paris. The problem, therefore, is whether we can obtain a League which can give to Europe a basis of order, and to the capitalistic system continuity. Every man should consider this question, for if the League fails—and it will if the major part of Europe is left out to find its own solution—militarism must result, which, again, is economically impossible. There will then remain the problem of the capitalist system, which again is largely the question of the conditions of labour and the will of the workers to endure those conditions. As the one alternative we have Bolshevism; as the other, some modification of the capitalist system, such as the limitation of individual wealth, whereby a working equation can be found sufficient to maintain the system as we now know it.

The New Order will have to be co-operative, based on the spirit of the League as originally designed. It is literally that or nothing, for a political League will merely be able to hold the scales for a time. The true League will have to think in world dimensions, will have to guarantee parity of opportunity, will have to be founded on economic foundations, thus internationalising raw materials, the seas, the highways, the communications, and communities in a common partnership of economic utility. It will have to assume responsibility for minorities, for toleration, for all imperial difficulties, and find adjustments, and this it can only hope to do as the living Tribunal, constantly sitting, and moving with the spirit of progress, of a world's charter of liberties created collectively for the common good. The Covenant as it now stands is simply a sketch of the charter that now must come. It cannot stand, for it is clearly the creature, not of principles, but of a compromise of principles, and so has no life. The real thing will spring from the peoples, will proclaim the rights of internationalism, will establish the co-operative economic system, will found the co-operative order.

But men will not win to this order by blockading three-

quarters of Europe four months after the armistice, a procedure which, now that a British General has denounced it, may, we hope, be stopped before our honour is too far blemished by politicians who cannot make up their minds. That, of course, is only the way to chaos and implacable hatred, to sheer cataclysm. Nor shall we advance by continuing to "play the fool"—there is no other description—with revolutionary Russia. That problem remains. It will not be settled by keeping British soldiers at Baku and elsewhere; that is the competitive, capitalistic way. It will not lead us into the New Order.

And we shall have to fight for it, that is clear. Labour sees it. All intelligent men must know it. I notice that Mr. Garvin, hitherto the leading writer of Ulster and Tory competitive imperialism, has burnt his boats on it. Obviously the thing has life. By-elections prove it; meanwhile the soldiers of our dominions clamour to go back. Outside, the League of Nations is being born. We are returning to sanity. War against war has begun

There are only three things to do. First, our duty is to make a just peace with Germany—no annexations, a settlement of reconciliation which gives the now democratic Germany the opportunity to make good, and immediately to raise the blockade. And to do that without further delay.

Secondly, we must establish a League of Nations of reality by immediately referring Ireland to its Court, thereby leading the world in statesmanship and spirit of sacrifice.

Thirdly, we should at once set up a great economic council in Britain to consider (1) the problem of capitalism, (2) a working equation between Labour and Capital and the State, and when we have done that we can profitably talk of coal as our economic basis, whether of export or support.

If we cannot proceed on these lines we shall fail, and it will be left to Labour to found the World's Charter of Rights and create the true League of Nations. The only real question is whether this New Order will come about through strife and turmoil or by process of evolution and co-operative mechanism.

# Books

## ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

BUZZ, BUZZ! ESSAYS OF THE THEATRE. By CAPT. JAMES E. AGATE. Collins, Sons, and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

NOT much modern dramatic criticism could dare seek publication, but these things of Capt. Agate, many reprinted from *The Manchester Guardian*, are not only admirable as criticism, but creations as art or life. True, the shade of Lamb is on them. Perhaps they are a little, what the French call, *cossu*. Yet they are far more than journalism, which is to say that the opinions they express are considered. The author has not only read and thought; his range is universal. It would be difficult to cavil at any of his judgments, whether he is dealing with Synge or Pélissier, Vesta Tilley or Shakespearian interpretations, Weedon Grossmith or the Repertory Theatre. And withal he contrives to be kind. He has wit and humour, and enthusiasm. He is a Provincial who is naturally *homme du monde*. And he is generous. He is almost as good as Dixon Scott, though this is a stupid criticism to make. But what can we in London say to this majestic Manchester criticism? It makes us feel a bit small. Certainly we ought here to study this volume of criticism, if only for its charm and style.

PAPA'S WAR. By EDWARD GARNETT. *The Herald.* 5*s.* 6*d.* net.

SATIRE is a rare thing in our country, and this is the genuine *rara avis* pitched on a cosmic note to suit the subject. Papa is, of course, Old Nick. He rules. He designs the great war. He and Madame Lucifer wallow in the riot, and great is the joy in Nicky's nursery. And there the pictures unfold. Some of these are terrific. Others are purely *macabre*. At times the author falls from his pedestal, and we have commentary. But as a whole the drama is cumulative, sustained, and quite a *tour de force*. Perhaps it is too soon after the excitement for the general public to appreciate the subtlety of the skill and literary form generated in this grim impressionism. But its temper is admirable, and all can dip into this gory story, this chronicle of the world-war, and laugh or weep, according to their lights. It is a young man's book, hardly appropriate to old men's palates. A pleasant gift-book to those who have done the work.

## FICTION.

THE LAST DITCH. By VIOLET HUNT. Stanley Paul and Co. 7*s.* net.

VIOLET HUNT in a frankly critical mood is always good, and in this novel she has a theme after the cynic's own heart—decadence. "The Last Ditch" is, of course, the aristocracy fighting for self-

preservation, very splendid in war, very deflated after war, and particularly socially, which is the side of the author's examination. She knows her world; in a sense she sympathises, nor is there any attempt to indulge in an extravaganza. Types are the author's interest; they are types we could almost name. They are lovable people, however selfish, cynical, inhuman. They think anyone not born in the set smells, and this class obsession becomes acutely ridiculous when one of the leading daughters takes up with a Socialist and actually becomes engaged to him. The end is the justification of type. The Socialist kisses violently, and the daughter rebels. The man of type saves her, and we have them admirably correct in their conjugal demeanour in a small home somewhere on the golf links. All this is very amusing, poignantly observant, pleasingly cruel. Nor can it be called satire. Society is satire, and Violet Hunt has made the most of it.

THE TOYS OF PEACE. BY H. H. MONRO ("SAKI"). John Lane. 7*s.* net.

AMONG the many volumes of short stories that have appeared lately, this one claims a special and sad interest. It is almost impossible to associate the idea of death with that brilliant, mordant, and witty chronicler of life, who wrote under a pen-name that perplexed many of his admirers. You will find an explanation of this, and much else, in a slight biographical sketch that is contributed to the present volume by the writer's friend, Rothay Reynolds. Of the book itself, this is made of a collection of essentially characteristic short pieces, trifles, episodes, absurdities, all marked with that sureness of touch, the little added distinction for which one never looked in vain from this hand. How little it had lost its cunning is proved by the last of the series, written actually at the front, an excellent piece of nonsense about a rector who achieved renown—and incidentally defeated the literary superiorities of his wife—by the invention of a mythical Eastern poet, fragments of whose verse he alleged to have been unearthed by a (non-existent) nephew, campaigning in the Tigris valley. How the deception prospered, how elderly colonels, "who had outlived the love of truth," wrote to the Press to say they had been familiar with the poet's works in Afghanistan, and how the guileful Rector, when cornered for details, was able to plead the effectual defence of military censorship, all this is told in a few pages of quite inimitable spirit. It is good to know that a collective edition of the Saki writings is already in preparation.

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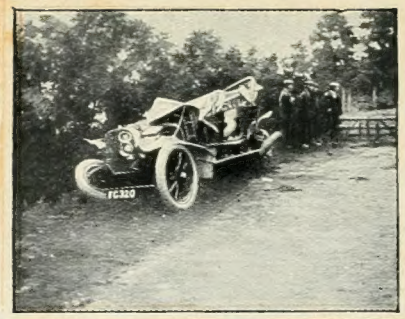

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*19, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2.*

# "We shall recuperate and make a fresh start!"

Foch said this after the crushing disaster of March, 1918—and in six months the War was won.

Let us apply the same spirit to the lesser disasters of life—to the disaster of impaired health, for example. Perhaps you have had 'Flu and cannot get rid of its depressing after-effects—nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness—gastric dyspepsia—weakened will-power and that terrible "influenza feeling" which is so difficult to shake off.

Say to yourself: "I will recuperate and make a fresh start!" And start at once by taking that grand recuperative—Sanatogen.

"When feeling very weak and run-down after Influenza, I was advised to take Sanatogen," writes Mr. Ben Davies, the famous singer. "*The effect was simply wonderful.* My strength and energy soon returned, and I now feel as fit as ever."

Ask your chemist to-day for a 5/9 tin of Sanatogen. You will be surprised at the help it gives you in refreshing and invigorating the tired enfeebled nerves—toning the appetite and digestion—and providing just those nourishing recuperative elements which your body requires.

But be sure you get *genuine* Sanatogen, manufactured by Genatosan, Ltd. (British Purchasers of Sanatogen Co.), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1.—Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda. (Note: Later on Sanatogen will be re-named Genatosan.)

# SANATOGEN

## THE GENUINE FOOD-TONIC

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1, AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.